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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LORD GREY ON 'A NEW WORLD'

LORD GREY recently delivered a lecture at the Conference of the Student Christian Movement at Glasgow, in which he said that the effect of the European War had been immensely to diminish the prestige of Christian civilization in Egypt and India; that if the relations between the Western and Eastern World were to improve the foundation must be an effort to restore the moral prestige of Europe. On the whole there was more violence and less liberty in the world than before the war.

He cited the United States as an illustration of the struggle between the material and the ideal. The action taken by our country regarding disarmament will be more important at this moment than what any other country does in that matter. He quoted General Pershing's declaration, that unless a move was made to disarm, civilization might be on the verge of destroying itself.

ARGENTINA AND THE LEAGUE

LA PRENSA, of Buenos Aires, perhaps the most influential paper in South America, published in its December issues a series of editorials, tracing with numerous quotations from official documents the history of the relations of the neutral countries to the League during the drafting of the Covenant and subsequently, and in particular giving a history of Argentina's attitude and acts during that period. These editorials crystallize in the claim that Argentina's foreign office was not informed, and took no adequate measures to inform itself, regarding the provisions of the Covenant, and of the discussions and understandings which preceded and attended the League's organization. This journal questions whether Argentina's adhesion to the League was subject to qualifications which authorized it to terminate its connection with that body by a mere executive act, like the retirement of the Argentine delegation from the Geneva Assembly.

BORDER STATE HATRED OF RUSSIANS

DR. PAUL ROHRBACH, himself a Baltic German, in an account of a recent visit to Finland published in *Deutsche Politik*, relates a round of anecdotes illustrating sentiment toward the Russians which he heard at a social gathering where Germans and Finns were present. A gentleman who had been in Armenia told the following story, which

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he had heard from an Armenian clergyman:

> God and Christ were walking together along the banks of the Araxes river. God said: Now we have created them all, an Armenian, a Persian, and a Kurd. We must still make a Russian. Christ replied: You had better not do that. It will cause trouble. God said: But we must. We must be just and create a Russian also. So God made a Russian. No sooner had he thus willed, than a rough customer stood before them and roared at the two: Where are your passports? Christ remarked: I said it would make trouble.

Another man repeated the following anecdote from the Ukraine:

> A father and son were plowing near their cabin. The son suddenly said: Look, father! A devil is getting into our house! The father replied: No matter. It is not a Moscovite.

Thereupon, a Baltic German took up the story, saying that when the Russian chapel was built at Dorpat University, with an onion-shaped dome and a Russian Greek cross on top, the curate asked a Baltic German professor present at the dedication what he thought of it. The professor said: 'The cross is very appropriate. It is a tombstone over the grave of science.' Another gentleman present related that Turgeneff, when visiting the Paris Exposition of 1887 with some friends, remarked that if there never had been a Russia and never a Russian people, the world would be poorer by but three things: bark sandals, the knout, and the samovar — and that the two latter had come from the Tartars. A Finn closed the conversation by remarking: 'Still, of all non-human creatures, the Russian is the most like a human being.'

These observations must be interpreted in the light not only of national sentiment but also of class sentiment; for hatred of Bolshevism is more intense among the upper classes of Finland, who just escaped its dominion during the Red Revolution of 1918, than in any other part of Europe except, perhaps, Hungary.

A GERMAN OPINION OF AMERICANS

A CORRESPONDENT writing from the Rhine country to the Berlin *Tag*, suggests that since it is important for Germans to know Americans thoroughly, and it is very difficult just at present for Germans to pursue their studies of our nation in the United States, it is desirable that they learn as much as possible of the American soldiers and civilians in the occupied zone. Contributing his mite of knowledge on this subject, he observes that average Americans are grown-up children. He does not mean by this that American soldiers are exceedingly fond of children, though that is true, but that they have a childlike disposition, revealed particularly by two characteristics: their naïve curiosity and capacity to be entertained by trifles, and their unbounded self-assertion and ambition to outdo others in every field of rivalry. He describes how American soldiers crowd in front of shop windows, exhibiting childlike delight in the simplest objects. A stuffed dog will attract the attention of a large party and cause its members to stop and comment. The larger and more showy an article of jewelry, the sooner it finds an American purchaser. The soldier boys are intent upon convincing everyone that things at home are much better, and especially are much larger, than they are in Germany. When they first arrived they made a particular effort to outdo the Prussian soldiers in what they conceived to be Prussian characteristics. They adopted a brusqueness and rudeness which German civilians had never even dreamed of from the old Prussian officers whom they formerly so thoroughly hated. American women revel even more than the men in an opportunity to domineer. For example, such instances as the following have occurred. A young Ameri-

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can woman called a military policeman into a milliner's shop and ordered the saleslady arrested and taken to the police station, because a hat was not ready promptly at the time it was promised. The policeman actually arrested the saleslady and took her to the station in an army auto. She was released after promising that the hat would certainly be ready the following day. Such instances are not attributed by the Germans to our naturally overbearing disposition, but rather to our childish inexperience and love of self-assertion.

NAVAL COMPETITION

In an article entitled 'The Future of Navies' the London *Spectator* returns to the argument which it has constantly presented in favor of the naval agreement between Great Britain and the United States. It disposes of the suggestion that the two countries will be rivals for the armed mastery of the sea as follows: 'Suppose we wanted to enter into such a Dance of Death with America as our *vis-a-vis*. She would win in the end. The Americans are an obstinate people, not to be daunted when they are aroused any more than we are to be daunted, and they will have a good deal more money to spend on hobbies than we can hope to have.' And it approves the action of the British Navy League in its New Year's message to the nation, saying that this organization 'has had the insight and the courage entirely to recast its policy. When Germany was still the menace, the Navy League was a splendid champion of the necessity of keeping up the strength of the navy. It never ceased to try to convince the nation, and it never ceased to bring the government of the day to look for any delinquencies. But now the Navy League declares that the only proper policy for Great Britain is to join with the United States in policing the seas and in framing a sane naval policy for the world.'

THE EMIGRATION QUESTION

A large part of the current discussion of emigration in the European press has lately been devoted to conditions in Italy. The Rome correspondent of *La Publicidad*, a leading Barcelona daily, writes that emigration in the old sense is giving place to colonization. In Italy, a National Colonization Company has been formed with ample capital, for the purpose of acquiring large tracts of land in foreign countries upon which unemployed rural laborers from Italy may be settled. Another new society is a Students' Union, which proposes to make a world-wide canvas in search of foreign openings for the employment of young Italian graduates of technical schools and similar institutions. Large banking houses, shipping companies, and industrial firms are taking an interest in the latter society, believing that through it they will be able largely to extend their business abroad.

A correspondent from New Zealand writes to the *New Statesman* apropos of Lloyd George's suggestion that unemployment in Great Britain might be relieved by promoting emigration to the colonies, to the effect:

> The Anzac nations were founded by the Norse race — soldiers, sailors, adventurers and pioneers from Great Britain — particularly from Scotland; and a high natural selection prevailed. Thus the difference between the half million Anzac soldiers and any half million Britishers was startling — too startling to be freely admitted in England. We are at any rate quite determined not to impair our blood inheritance by allowing our lands to be flooded with colored labor, low-class workers from bow-and-arrow nations, or persons damaged by racially deteriorating diseases.
>
> It seems to us that a century ago America had an opportunity of giving rebirth to a nation of

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Vikings, and in her youthful ignorance and inexperience of nation building she flung it away. Glowing advertisements and cheap transport from Hamburg and elsewhere brought millions of social and industrial derelicts of inferior racial value to her shores; the governments of Europe seized the chance to unload their criminals and undesirables upon the careless and hospitable Americans, and in addition America had, and has, the negro problem.

If part of the population of the United Kingdom must perforce be 'crowded out,' of course it should be the fittest and strongest who should make way for the weak and disabled in this Aftermath of the Great War.

However, the Australian government has just launched the first of five twenty-five-thousand ton steamers, specially built with low-priced cabin accommodations for carrying emigrants, which will be operated as a public enterprise between the Commonwealth and the mother country.

THE CRISIS IN AUSTRIA

LE TEMPS devotes a column leader to a discussion of the critical conditions in Austria, in which it arraigns severely the new states which were formed from the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy for their hostile commercial policy toward Vienna. The conclusion is 'very simple.'

The point is, do Austria's new neighbors, which have been erected or enlarged at the expense of former Austria-Hungary, want Vienna to remain an independent government or not? If they wish that, let them demonstrate the fact by exchanging commodities freely with it without waiting for three years to expire before Austria recovers complete liberty to adjust its own tariffs. Were it not for artificial obstacles in the way of trade an independent Austria might prosper. But if that country's neighbors persist in viewing the prosperity of Vienna as harmful to their own prosperity, let them take heed from this time forward of the alternative: the annexation of Austria to the German Empire. They cannot have simultaneously the independence of Austria and the ruin of Vienna.

A SPANISH OPINION OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

LA ILUSTRACÍON ESPAÑOLA Y AMERICANA takes a Havas telegram reporting the number of natives killed by American troops in Haiti, as the text for an attack upon the Monroe Doctrine and a general calling to task of the Spanish American Republics for their complacent attitude toward the United States. It observes that 'the arbitrary and violent seizure of these two Spanish American Republics (sic) by the North American army, with its sequel of atrocities and murders does not prevent self-righteous Wilson and his secretary of state from continuing to chant pious hymns in honor of the Monroe Doctrine and Pan-Americanism, as the twin saviors of America.' After predicting that the present era of world disturbance will culminate in a great struggle between America and Japan for the mastery of the Pacific, the article continues: 'The recent war in Europe was merely the first phase of world rennovation. The second phase and the epilogue are yet to come. . . . The people of Santo Domingo and Haiti will find a David to avenge the tyranny of their Goliath.'

JAPANESE COMMENT ON CRITICAL TOPICS

THE widely read Tokyo daily, *Yomiuri*, referring to the present cable controversy, presents this novel interpretation of Japan's mandatory powers: 'The Caroline Archipelago including Yap and other islands, have come under the mandatory rule of this country by the decision of the Paris Conference, *which agreed that those islands should be regarded as an integral part of Japanese territory.*' The editor then observes that any proposals of a technical nature affecting the cable situation at Yap, designed to promote the efficiency of international communication, would be considered gladly, no matter what country proposed them; but that proposals of a political character affecting Japan's territorial

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rights and sole control of the island's cables cannot be entertained under any circumstances. A parallel is then drawn between Yap and Guam, with the assumption that Japan's title to Yap is as unconditional as the title of the United States to Guam.

TOKYO *Asahi* after remarking that 'even the most enthusiastic admirers of the present cabinet, cannot deny that its policy toward Siberia has been a series of failures,' takes the position that soviet Russia is now so strongly established in Europe and that the political bodies in Siberia itself have become so thoroughly Bolshevised as to make it necessary 'for Japan to shape her policy on the supposition that a complete connection will sooner or later be established between Siberia and European Russia.' It also assumes 'that America and Russia will approach each other,' adding that China is only watching the attitude of the other powers before taking similar action. The Osaka paper of the same name is equally pessimistic regarding Japan's diplomacy, which it says 'has been at an impasse since the Twenty-One Demands were made on China'; although 'thousands of troops are still unnecessarily left in the neighborhood of Vladivostok, they cannot prevent the Bolshevization of the Vladivostok government and have only stimulated the hatred of the Russians against Japan.'

Other Japanese papers draw solace from the fact that the Johnson Immigration Bill has passed the House of Representatives, as it seems to indicate that anti-immigration sentiment in America is not directed solely against the Japanese. Osaka *Mainichi* tells its readers that the fact that the racial connection between Americans and Japanese is most remote, accounts for the fact that immigration restriction has been directed first against the latter, but adds that its true motive is 'the increased desire of Americans to establish a state of deeper American complexion.'

MINOR NOTES

L'EUROPE NOUVELLE publishes in its issue of January 2, the commercial treaty concluded between soviet Russia and Sweden. It prescribes that trading shall occur directly between the Central Consumers' Union of Russia (*Centrosoyuz*) on the one hand, and a Swedish Syndicate representing fourteen firms specifically mentioned in the text of the treaty. It provides for specific deliveries of goods, for the arbitration of prices, and for credits and payments by the respective parties. Disputes are to be settled by a board of arbitration consisting of five members; two appointed by each party, and the fifth by the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce of Berlin, which shall hold its sessions at Copenhagen, and the decision of which 'shall have the force of law in both Russia and Sweden.'

COMMENTING upon the passport evil, the same journal says that a trip from Paris to Constantinople by the Simplon Express requires that at least six foreign visés shall have been secured from as many different embassies. Including tips and official fees these cost something like one hundred and fifty francs.

To a certain French statesman is attributed the recent remark: 'Our internationalists promised peace without victory and gave us victory without peace.'

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[*La Grande Revue* (Liberal Literary Monthly), *December, 1920*]

AN EYE WITNESS AT BREST-LITOVSK

BY ANDRÉ PIERRE

[The following is a French summary of a Russian pamphlet written by a Social Revolutionist who participated in the armistice negotiations between the German imperial government and the Bolsheviki at Brest-Litovsk, in December, 1917.]

Our Russian delegation left Petrograd at midnight on December 1. It had been organized very hastily, and none of the members, except the three Bolsheviki who had received explicit instructions from the Board of Peoples' Commissioners, knew the character and extent of the powers entrusted to them. We received our instructions after we were on the train.

At Dvinsk, our party stopped for several hours to attend a Congress of the Fifth army, after which we resumed our journey to Verst 513, which was as far as the railway was open. Beyond that, the line had been destroyed by the enemy's bombardment. Here we delegates left our car. Four automobiles had been sent from Dvinsk to take us on to the rail-head controlled by the Germans. Only one of these, however, had managed to reach the end of the Russian line, and it was in such condition that it could go no further. Consequently, we had to continue on foot. We did not arrive at the German outposts until evening.

All along our road were dug-outs and trenches. Soldiers would appear from these dark holes to watch us pass, like corpses emerging from the tombs of a great devastated cemetery. Some spoke to us. These would ask us brief questions, while the others stood around regarding us in silence. When our eyes met their mute, intent gaze, we were struck by the profound melancholy and hopelessness of their regard. An imperative appeal for peace shone in the eyes of these famished, war-worn soldiers, who had been so persistently slandered back in Petrograd by revolutionary agitators, by windy orators, by sleek bureaucrats seated in comfortable offices. This impromptu escort of men, who came right out of the trenches, produced an indelible impression upon us, an impression which impelled us to follow to the bitter end the painful path of crucifixion that finally led to peace.

After passing through the Russian combat zone we eventually gained the German trenches. A white flag marked the place where we were to cross. Night had fallen, and the landscape was already in utter darkness. German soldiers were waiting our arrival. They conducted us across a deep ravine to the headquarters of the General of Division commanding the sector. This officer welcomed us with a few words in Russian, spoken with a strong German accent, produced a list of our members, and held a regular roll call to see if we all were there. After this formality was over, an officer escorted us to the little narrow gauge railway which took us to the special train sent for us from Brest-Litovsk.

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From the moment we met the enemy, the democratic sentiment of our Russian party was constantly wounded. The conductor, not wishing us to enter the comfortable sleeping car as we were, all covered with mud, asked us to go first to the baggage car, where half a dozen soldiers, armed with whisk brooms and blacking boxes, were ready to receive us. Two of our Russian delegates, one a simple workingman and the other a common soldier, hesitated a moment. Ought they to permit these spick-span soldiers to black their boots? Seeing that the rest of us were doing so, they finally decided to submit to this first test, to which Old Germany was putting their sorely tried democratic instincts. Half an hour later the train started, and early the following morning we arrived at Brest-Litovsk.

We were greeted at the station by the city Commandant and a brilliant suite of officers, and taken in automobiles to the Fortress, where the rooms of the chief-of-staff's personnel had been reserved for us. The captain in immediate charge of these arrangements had been born in Petrograd and educated in the schools there; so he spoke Russian perfectly. During our sojourn, we delegates were perfectly free to go and come as we wished, so long as we did not leave the boundaries of the Fortress. If we desired to get out into the city, we were required to be accompanied by officers specially detailed for that purpose, in order — we were told — to forestall misunderstandings or unpleasant incidents.

Armistice negotiations began the very evening of our arrival. At the outset we Russians made it plain that we wished to avoid formal ceremonies, or anything looking like a political demonstration. For that reason, the official reception which Prince Leopold of Bavaria planned to give us was changed at the last moment to a simple meeting in the street, near the building where the sessions were to occur. Leopold addressed us as follows in German:

'Gentlemen: I greet you as the representatives of the government of the Russian Republic, sent here to conclude an armistice. I hope that our common efforts will achieve the result desired. The German Higher Command, in full accord with our allies, has given me full power to direct peace negotiations. I have commissioned my Chief-of-Staff, General Hoffmann, to preside over your sessions in my name. Let me repeat that I welcome you, and that I hope you will be comfortable during your sojourn at my headquarters.'

Joffe replied in Russian, with a formal statement which had been worked out by our whole delegation:

'General and commander-in-chief of the armies of the Eastern Front: We have come here as representatives of the revolutionary peoples of Russia, who are determined to end the world war by a general peace conforming with the just aspirations of the democratic masses of all the belligerent countries. In the hope that we may here accomplish that object, I have the honor, general and commander-in-chief of the Eastern Front, to thank you in the name of our delegation for your words of welcome.'

This was the sole concession to official etiquette which we Russians made during our sojourn at Brest-Litovsk.

The first formal session occurred on December third. We Russians, according to our habit, were a little late. The representatives of the other delegations were already in the hall, with the exception of General Hoffmann, who had been appointed president of the joint commission of the four enemy

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powers. After exchanging greetings we took our seats. The Russian delegation occupied the right side of the room. Its chairman, Joffe, sat in the centre. Kameneff and other political delegates were on his right, while I and the members of the military commission were on his left. General Hoffmann sat directly opposite Joffe. Next to him on his right was the chief naval officer, Horn, and on his left his chief military aid, Brinken. Next to Brinken sat the Turkish delegate, Zekki Pasha, a short, thickset man whose immense gold epaulettes almost reached his drooping cheeks, which were channeled with deep wrinkles. The next man on the right was the representative of Bulgaria, Lieutenant Colonel Gantcheff, and beyond him all the officers of the German general staff. The Austrian delegation, consisting of a Czech lieutenant colonel, a very frank and vivacious man, a major, and a cavalry captain, were seated to the right of Captain Horn. Beyond them were other officers of the Prussian general staff. This brilliant array of military lights fairly dazzled us with crosses and stars and other decorations, which stood out in striking relief to their dark field uniforms. A mere glance revealed the profound gulf which yawned between the two worlds which our respective delegations, separated though they were by but a narrow table, represented. Just look at this pair facing each other; an old gray-haired peasant, Stachkoff, clad in his brightly embroidered peasant's shirt and coarse blouse, and the Austrian cavalry captain with his golden collar of inconceivable height, his array of decorations, and his hands bejeweled from the thumb to the little finger!

It was six in the evening when the session began. After verifying our credentials, General Hoffmann suggested that the Russian delegation express its views. At once everyone was on the alert. The duel had begun.

I say duel because the sending of our delegation was an act of war, not of peace. That was revolutionary Russia's conception of the act. It was only for that reason that it could accept and approve the trip to Brest. More than that, our delegation was expected to return from this duel victorious. In my opinion, it was a duel to the death. I awaited the outcome in secret agony; for the forces of the two adversaries seemed to me fearfully unequal. Our delegation, hastily assembled from men who had no training for their new task and no practice in team work, who had been given no opportunity to settle among themselves upon a method of procedure, ignorant of diplomatic usages and language, and forced to improvise its statements at a time when every word had weight, was faced by an experienced adversary whose plans were carefully prepared in advance. Each delegate representing Germany and its allies had before him papers containing his full instructions, and abundant notes and memoranda. Before us lay only blank paper in beautiful blue boxes, provided by the Germans themselves.

Joffe replied to General Hoffmann's proposal by the following preliminary declaration:

'Basing our armistice negotiations upon the principles of a democratic peace outlined in the resolution of the Pan-Russian Congress of Workers' and Peasants' Soviets, and ratified by the special Congress of Peasant Delegates, our object is to obtain as soon as possible a general peace without annexations or indemnities, with the guaranteed right of every nation to determine its own political destiny. With a view to bringing about such a general peace, we are authorized to discuss conditions for an armistice on all the fronts with

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the representatives of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey here present. We propose, therefore, that all the belligerent powers not represented here be approached immediately, and requested to associate themselves with these negotiations. We believe that the acceptance of these two points ought to precede a discussion of armistice conditions on all the fronts.'

Joffe read this text in Russian. Inasmuch as France was one of the belligerents, it had been decided not to employ the traditional language of diplomacy. English was excluded for the same reason. It was therefore agreed that each delegation was to use its native tongue, and that the exchange of views should occur through interpreters.

Hoffmann replied to Joffe's statement by a brief question, which was a direct thrust. 'Is the Russian delegation authorized to speak equally in the name of its allies?' In plain language, this amounted to saying: So long as we are negotiating merely with Russian revolutionists, we can only discuss an armistice with the Russian revolutionary army. The Russian delegation held a different view. It seemed to us supremely important to correct the erroneous German idea, that our sole thought and dream was to conclude a separate armistice and a separate peace. That is why we did not take up immediately the question raised by General Hoffmann. That gentleman, who wanted to reach a quick settlement, tried to evade any declaration involving general principles, under the pretext that neither the German delegation nor the representatives of Germany's allies had been authorized to deal with political questions. He said: 'We are merely soldiers, and so our position is self-understood. Peace is a fine thing. We all want it. We are more eager for peace than the coalition of which Russia is a member; for you see (and here Hoffmann made a broad gesture) all of Germany's allies are here ready to discuss a cessation of hostilities. But your allies — where are they?' We Russian delegates still insisted on getting from the Germans a statement of their general peace programme. Finally Hoffmann decided, with obvious reluctance, to cite certain public utterances of Von Kühlmann and Czernin. Thereupon, Kameneff delivered two big programme speeches, which the Germans listened to without a quiver, as if they were drawn up on parade. However, while Kameneff was speaking, Hoffmann's countenance exhibited growing impatience, as if he wished to say: Enough of this! We understand, of course, that you Socialists and Revolutionists must go through this ritual; that these exhortations and disquisitions upon universal peace are necessary — indispensable — for your purposes. We will endure it! Make your speeches. Get them into the minutes. But for Heaven's sake let us have it over as soon as possible. You're not merely revolutionists. You're also representatives of a government. You ought to understand, consequently, that for us militarists and imperialists, all this is merely tinkling brass and sounding cymbals, or even something less melodious. Don't overwork your revolutionary diplomacy. Cut out the hot air, and get down to business and let us sign a separate armistice.

I, myself, shared Hoffmann's impatience and considered all this verbiage useless. I felt we ought to recognize the fact that our revolutionary and pacifist declarations would never reach the ears of the German people, for whom they were intended; and that they would be carefully expurgated from the published proceedings by the General Staff, so as to convey nothing 'seditious.' So far as Russia was con-

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cerned, they were useless. Those who did not already believe in the good faith of the delegation would never believe in it. Whatever we said and whatever we did, they would insist that we had betrayed Russia. The men who did believe in us, did not need all this speech-making. They trusted us in any case. The only thing that mattered was what we actually signed. Much relieved when these theoretical and declamatory *hors d'oeuvres* were disposed of, Hoffmann asked us Russians our specific proposals for an armistice. This greatly embarrassed our delegates, since five of our eight military members had only joined the party at Pskov and Dvinsk, and we had had no opportunity to agree upon specific terms. So we tried to evade the question. Hoffmann, not being able to conceive, with his methodical German mind, that the Russian delegation had actually been scrambled together without the slightest preparation or forewarning, and had come absolutely without a programme, was very much disturbed. He suspected that our hesitation concealed some subtle manœuvre, some diplomatic stratagem which he could not fathom.

Just at this moment, when the embarrassment on both sides was at its height, the Bulgarian delegate, Colonel Gantcheff, made an awful break. He proposed that the German conditions be read, 'in order to save time.' Quite naturally the Russians endorsed that suggestion with great enthusiasm, only too happy to have their adversary show his hand. Hoffmann scowled like a thunder cloud at the unfortunate Bulgar, who was thrown into blank confusion when he realized his blunder; and saying bluntly that he could not consent to such a suggestion, the general confined himself to reading the headings of the German conditions, in order, as he said, that they might serve as a *syllabus* to help the Russian delegates to draft a counter project. Joffe promptly seized the occasion to observe that Colonel Gantcheff's proposal went much further, that he had requested that the text of the conditions themselves be read. The Bulgarian delegate hastened to explain that General Hoffmann had interpreted his ideas perfectly. This incident concluded the first session.

Before arriving at Brest, we Russians had agreed among ourselves to have no direct relations with the enemy except at the official sessions. Those who understood German were to pretend to be ignorant of that language. However, we soon realized how impossible it was to carry this out in practice. The requirements of our daily life forced us to give it up. We had to dine together, and since most of the German officers spoke Russian fluently, we could not well refuse to engage in conversation with them. These conversations were always very embarrassing, the more so as the Germans were extremely courteous and accommodating. Their polished demeanor only emphasized the real contempt these aristocratics felt for us Russian revolutionists. In their eyes, we were mere rebels, mutineers who had achieved a temporary triumph at a decisive turning point in the war, and who, solely for that reason, were entitled to be received and fed — as necessary substitutes for the true rulers of our country. Furthermore, the representatives of the Central Powers did not believe that we revolutionists were sincere in our declarations, or attached any real value to them. They insisted on regarding us as merely men who wanted to get peace for our own private political ends.

Every time I met the Germans, I was deeply humiliated. That was not because I represented a country de-

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feated on the field of battle; for in that matter the German officers were evidently perfectly sincere in the compliments they paid us upon the endurance and fighting qualities of the Russian army. But as soon as we discussed the revolution, their insincerity and affected attitude was patent. They masked their true sentiments under a profoundly deferential pose, which did not conceal the real feelings which their accents and their eyes expressed. Our constant consciousness of their lying attitude, and of our own inability to convince them of our sincerity, humiliated us deeply.

Many curious incidents occurred when we met at meals. Old Prince Leopold of Bavaria would enter the dining room and shake the hands of his guests. He commenced with us Russian delegates. After exchanging a few words with Joffe, he directed his particular attention to Madam Bitsenko, whose plain blue blouse and whose untidy hair, carelessly knotted behind her head, made her stand out like a physical incarnation of revolution in this sea of uniforms. To his courteous advances, that lady, who in 1905 had assassinated with her own hands General Sakarhoff, governor of Moscow, replied sombrely that she did not understand German. The Prince's attention was next attracted by Sachkoff's bright, embroidered peasant's shirt, and the blouse of the sailor Olitch, whereupon he hastened to inquire of the lieutenant of the hussars, who served as our interpreter, what their peculiar colors signified. After having satisfied his curiosity on this point, Leopold shook hands with the Admiral, and returned with obvious relief to his own group.

Another thing which impressed us Russians, was to see the Germans respect the revolutionary rank of our delegation, although it was in marked contrast with the ordinary social rank of its members. For instance, at the table, the common sailor Olitch, who was a political delegate, was placed above Admiral Altvater; and Bielakoff, a soldier, was placed above the colonels of the Military Commission. Why was this? Because the members of the Military Commission were there only in an advisory capacity; and therefore the Germans recognized that they were of lower rank than the regular commissioners, who possessed a deliberative voice in the proceedings.

Prince Leopold presided at table. The meals were very frugal, but much wine was served. After the first day, toasts and similar courtesies were omitted. Private conversations were carried on in various languages — Russian, German, or French, according to circumstances. Political topics and allusions to the war were carefully avoided.

Nevertheless, my neighbor on the left, a general staff physician who had been a surgeon way back in the campaign of 1870, did not always observe the rules of the game in this respect, and would sometimes gossip a little. Discussing with me the invariable frugality of the meals, he extolled the delicacy of crow's meat; for crows were hunted and eaten at Brest on account of the scarcity of other food. General Hoffmann was disturbed by the course our conversation had taken, and at once interrupted it to address me on some other subject — China or the Himalaya mountains. My neighbor on the right was Prince Von Hohenlohe. One day he asked me, with an indifferent air, how things were going with one of the grand dukes. This question took me absolutely unawares; for we had almost forgotten we ever had grand dukes. I answered carelessly: 'I do not exactly know. He is said to have been arrested, but I am not sure where he is.' The Prince pondered a moment, then

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resumed the conversation with the same cold amiability as before. It was not until after I left Brest that I learned that this gentleman's wife was a Russian grand duchess.

When dinner was over, Prince Leopold would rise and the party would retire to a drawing-room to smoke and drink beer. Later, we would go out on the balcony to take a breath of cold air. Under our heaven! Under that sombre, starry heaven, which belongs to Russia!

Let it be said here that the Germans, in their minutes of our proceedings, systematically modified the statements we actually made. For example, in reply to the question: 'Is the Russian delegation authorized to speak in the name of Russia's allies?', the German text gives the following reply: 'The Russian government has not received any reply to its invitation.' In reality, Joffe's words were that the Russian government had not received a 'definite reply'— *bestimmte Antwort.* —The Germans tried to omit regularly from the minutes the words 'general peace,' in order to convey the impression that the Russians were seeking a separate peace, and that they were in full agreement with the Central Powers on that point. Every time these errors were called to their attention, the Germans would hasten to correct the minutes with an innocent air, as if the change had nothing to do with an alteration of the sense, but merely related to some insignificant grammatical correction.

The second session, on December 4, was occupied with reading the Russian armistice proposals. Our Military Commission was in excellent spirits in anticipation of the effect which Admiral Altvater's statement was expected to produce upon the enemy delegation. The Russian Commission had completed its drafting of these proposals during a protracted night session, and had included as a condition essential for an armistice the evacuation of Moon Sound by the Germans. They knew perfectly well that Germany would not accept it, and they meant it as pure bravado in order to elicit a vigorous refusal. Admiral Altvater insisted strongly upon that stipulation. In his opinion, every armistice should preserve a strategic equilibrium between the two belligerents. If the Germans were left in possession of Moon Sound during the suspension of hostilities, they would derive an enormous advantage from that fact, since they could thus concentrate troops for a landing in force to the rear of the Russian army, in case hostilities were resumed.

This proposal was endorsed by our delegation, partly because it flattered the self-esteem of our military advisers to take a defiant attitude face to face with our conquerors, and because it demonstrated our solicitude to defend the interests of the Russian and Allied armies. Furthermore, our military gentlemen calculated that the political members of the delegation would be the ones to enforce their proposal, and that the responsibility for any concessions would, therefore, not fall upon themselves.

When these terms were presented in full session, we found we were not deceived in our anticipations. While Admiral Altvater was reading them, the blood mounted to General Hoffmann's face until his bristling eyebrows stood out with startling whiteness from their carmine background. The enemy officers regarded each other with astonishment. Colonel Polkorny cast a malicious side glance at the chief of the delegation. The Bulgarian was so excited that his eyes rolled back under their lids. Zekki Pasha was the only impassive member present. When

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the passage relating to Moon Sound was read, the row of crosses, stars, and jeweled decorations across the table shivered until you could almost hear them tinkle. Hoffmann, thrusting his head slightly forward, slowly surveyed us with eyes as cold as steel. When the Admiral finished, there was a moment of anxious and oppressive silence. Then General Hoffmann rose, and fixing his eyes on the centre of the table, replied deliberately, hurling his words at us, one by one, as if they were missiles: 'In the name of the Higher Command, I feel it my duty to express our profound surprise at the conditions here proposed.' Then drawing a deep breath, he continued: 'These conditions would be comprehensible only if the armies of Germany and its allies were defeated and completely crushed!' It was a solemn moment, and it looked as though the fatal word would be spoken which could not be recalled. But the general controlled himself: 'The actual situation is quite the reverse, and I judge it is necessary to emphasize that point. Now I suggest that the meeting proceed to examine the Russian proposals in detail.' The Bulgarian drew a sigh of satisfaction and lighted a cigarette. The Austrians looked at each other and smiled. It was only in the eyes of the Russian officers that I saw a glimmer of vague regret.

So the examination of the Russian proposals began. A long debate ensued upon the length of the armistice. We Russians suggested six months, while the Germans wanted it to be very brief. They saw where their interest lay, knowing quite well that time was fighting with the Allies, and that a few months later, Russia might not be so eager for peace. Finally, they gained their point. The armistice was shortened to twenty-eight days, beginning with September 8, and was to continue automatically thereafter unless it were denounced seven days before its date of expiration. The Russians had to yield on all the other points, particularly the question of transferring German troops to the Western front, and in the matter of fraternization. Hoffmann was very explicit in his opposition to 'so-called fraternizations which invariably wind up in rows between Russian and German soldiers.' He demanded that they stop until actual peace negotiations began. Kameneff defended the revolutionary viewpoint, but desired to substitute for general fraternization along the whole front, meetings between the two lines by small groups in narrowly defined sectors. He was constantly seeking ways to spread Bolshevism, and was most insistent that we should have the right to distribute revolutionary literature along the German front, and across Germany to the French, English, and Italian fronts. Hoffmann was uncompromisingly opposed to this so far as the German front was concerned. Kameneff observed that it was strange that Germany, which professed to be so anxious for peace, should refuse to distribute pacifist pamphlets. Hoffmann replied: 'It is precisely because we are ready for peace that we have no use for this literature. It is different with your allies. Perhaps your peace propaganda would be a most useful thing there. See this conference! Germany and all its allies are here. Where are your allies?' You see, Hoffmann kept recurring to his favorite argument, which he invoked not only to prevent the spread of Bolshevist propaganda, but also to force a separate armistice upon Russia.

The entire session of December 5 was occupied with the formality of signing and exchanging the armistice agreements. As soon as it was concluded, the Russian delegation started

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without a moment's delay on its return to Petrograd. In thinking over the incidents and outcome of the negotiations later, it seemed evident to me that the Germans, though fully aware of Russia's military demoralization, still feared that the nation might rise again against them. This explains their vigorous opposition throughout the proceedings to any measure likely to weaken their strategic advantages on the Eastern front. From the political standpoint, we felt that our armistice faced the allies with a dilemma to which they must take a definite attitude. We hoped that a great international socialist congress would be convened and would conclude a final general peace, signed by the people themselves and not by their governments. These expectations were not realized. The Allies permitted revolutionary Russia to sign a separate peace with the Central Powers. That peace imposed the will of the conqueror upon helpless Russia. But the embers of revolution, which no treaty could extinguish, finally set fire to both Germany and Austria.

In November 1918, Trotzky saw himself avenged for his humiliation at Brest-Litovsk.

[*Deutsche Politik* (National Liberal Weekly), *December 10, 1920*]

A NEGRO REPUBLIC IN AFRICA

BY HERMANN LUTZ-MÜNCHEN

[This article is substantially a review of an English book, *The Black Man's Burden*, by E. D. Morel, published in London last year.]

EARLY in September, 1920, the following short notice appeared in the German press:

After a thirty days' session the Negro World Congress, which met in New York, resolved in favor of organizing a Negro Republic to embrace the whole continent of Africa. Africa was to be inhabited, administered, and exploited by negroes alone. Marcus Garvey was elected provisional president. The colors of the new republic are to be black, red, and green.

Most readers, doubtless, laughed when they read this report, and regarded it as a childish exhibition of negro megalomania. In all seriousness, however, the natives throughout the whole length and breadth of the Dark Continent already look forward impatiently to the day when they can rise up and throw off the white man's yoke. Many Englishmen know this perfectly well; but France, the principal cause of this new unrest, seems absolutely blind to the effect of its present policies.

Most districts of the Dark Continent, especially its tropical and subtropical territories, have a very small white minority, who owe their control over the uncivilized natives mainly to the respect and reverence they inspire, as 'big medicine men.' This nimbus has been largely destroyed by the war, and France is doing its best to complete that work.

Every one knows that in 1911 France started to recruit volunteer regiments in its West African colonies. In 1912 and 1913 several of these battalions were moved to Morocco and Algiers, and they were the first troops brought to Europe from that continent after the outbreak of the war. *Humanité* in its issue of October 31, 1920, says:

We all saw these Senegal negroes on their way to the front. They were true savages. . . . These soldiers murdered defenseless captives right and left, and many of them, as countless witnesses are ready to testify, used to parade in the towns behind the front with necklaces made from the ears of the Germans they slaughtered. One of them appeared at the railway station in Versailles, in October 1914, proudly carrying the head of a man he had decapitated.'

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After its early defeats and in the course of the wasting war that followed, France drew still more heavily for cannon fodder upon the native African population. Very soon, recruiting depots dotted every French colony. The natives showed lamentably little interest in exposing their own skins in foreign lands for the benefit of their masters. Consequently force was resorted to. The native chiefs were required to supply a certain percentage of their subjects as soldiers. If they failed, punitive expeditions wasted them with fire and sword. Chiefs who showed too little energy were punished; zealous chiefs were liberally rewarded. Supplying fighting men became a business. M. Diagne, a colored deputy in the French Chamber, was very active in this matter. He personally reported to the French Colonial Minister, in September 1919, that sixty thousand West Africans, and fifteen thousand Congo negroes had been recruited under his supervision.

But there were other Frenchmen busy in the good work. M. Clozel, Governor-general of West Africa, reported to his government on November 10, 1916, that recruiting could succeed only by employing intimidation; and on December 6, 1916, he described how the levying of fifty thousand men during the previous year had set the whole Niger valley in an uproar: 'We were able to suppress the revolt only after six months' hard fighting, in which we employed chiefly troops from the coast.' Clozel's frankness was speedily punished. He was removed from office. His successor, van Hollenhoven, a man of Dutch descent, was put in charge of affairs in West Africa. He immediately resigned his post and its annual salary of twenty thousand dollars, went to the front as a simple captain, and was killed there. Describing this phase of French colonial policy, he said: 'The whole population honestly believes that the slave trade has started again.' As a matter of fact, bloody revolts assumed such proportions that for a time recruiting had to be suspended. Naturally, the French people were kept in utter ignorance of these happenings. Only a few know to-day what occurred.

E. D. Morel's tireless researches have shown that France employed 695,000 colored soldiers in the front line during the war, and 238,000 behind the front. More than 180,000 of the men on the battle line were West African and Congo negroes. Tunis supplied 95,000 men altogether, of whom 65,000 fought on the battle line and 45,000 were killed or wounded.

Henri Barbusse, one of the finest Frenchmen living, wrote a letter to Mr. Morel, describing the frightful impression which the misery of the black soldiers produced upon him. Among other things he said: 'I have seen these unhappy blackmen on the Riviera, herded like animals in barns. The poor men still showed the marks and bruises of the fetters by which they had been chained when being brought away from their villages, and which they were forced to wear even in Europe to prevent their flight. Many of them were so homesick that they committed suicide.'

So nearly a million of black troops were brought from Africa! Morel, whom we have just quoted, says in *The Black Man's Burden:* 'It is characteristic of the atmosphere of deceit and misrepresentation engendered by war, that one of the principal arguments employed to justify depriving Germany of its African colonies, was the alleged intention of that country to militarize the natives; while the fact that this militarization had already

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been put into effect in the French colonies was utterly ignored.'

France, however, is going still farther. On July 30, 1919, or long after the war, universal military service was introduced in West and Central Africa, over a territory nearly as large as Europe, containing some twenty million inhabitants. On December 12, 1919, compulsory service was further extended to Madagascar, which has three million inhabitants. These soldiers must serve three years, two of them in Europe. French military specialists estimate that after 1922 their country will have a standing army of 200,000 Africans, mostly negroes. Half of these belong to the most primitive races. These do not include the troops from Algeria, Tunis, or Morocco. The English Brigadier-General, C. B. Thomson, thus comments upon this suicidal policy: 'I know the West Coast of Africa intimately, and I can only confirm the facts. The colored troops are taught to use arms and are systematically trained to despise European nations. Their worst qualities are cultivated. They return to their native villages to become the most restless and rebellious element of the population, ready for every crime and willing tools in the hands of those who would promote strife and revolt. France is devoting itself energetically to militarizing West Africans. The result will be incalculable and inevitable evil. The disastrous effects will make themselves felt first of all in the African possessions of France, but they will be communicated from these territories to the whole continent.'

This has become a matter of concern for many Englishmen. I expressly refrain from quoting the testimony of Germans. Even many Frenchmen have vigorously criticized this policy, and more would do so if they were allowed to know the facts. The charges I have quoted are not against the French people, but against their rulers. Furthermore, I want to confine my discussion to the effect which this policy will eventually have in Africa alone.

The very fact that black men are being taught, trained, and ordered to kill white men,—men whom they have previously considered it their unquestioned duty to obey, has opened their eyes and convinced them that the reverence and respect for white men which they previously cherished, was merely 'bad magic.' They have seen their masters defeated. They saw the treatment given to German prisoners in the colonies and elsewhere. They were allowed to keep the barbarous trophies which their savage customs taught them to take from their slaughtered enemies. Their respect for white women was destroyed. In the occupied territories of Germany the black troops have learned to feel that they, the Africans, are the conquerors. They insensibly adopt the attitude and manner of their white masters toward the native white population, and extend this attitude to every white man. We Germans know how numerous are the frays between African soldiers and French gendarmes. Let me quote a little incident from the letter of a Frenchman recently residing in Germany:

"One of my friends, who just returned from the occupied territory of Saar, reported the following typical experience. Several negro soldiers and two French soldiers boarded his car. The black men took the seats and the Frenchmen had to stand. One of the latter said to my acquaintance, when he expressed some surprise: "What do you expect? We cannot change it. They were a great help in the war and now they consider themselves better

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men than we are, and conduct themselves as such." Later my friend got into conversation with the black soldiers. One of them told him: "We're the men who won the war. Except for us the French would never have whipped the Germans."'

So you see the egotism of the black man rises in direct proportion as his respect for the white man declines.

In 1922, I have said, France will have a standing army of 200,000 full blooded African soldiers, not counting those from Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco. Every year some 70,000 new recruits will return to their jungle huts, fully trained soldiers, in possession of weapons with which they are perfectly familiar. In ten years they will constitute a force of 700,000 men. Around their campfires, on their trading trips to neighboring tribes, they will talk over their experiences in the Great War; the good times they had in 'conquered Germany,' of the outrages on white women and other dissipations which they practised there. The contempt which they feel for Europeans will be communicated to the whole population. Arms and ammunition are reaching Africa through countless channels. Some day the natives of tropical and subtropical Africa, where Europeans can at best be but transient residents, will suddenly ask themselves why they have tolerated the mastery of this handful of whites, in whose art of fighting they themselves are perfectly trained.

Naturally the whites will not be so easily driven from that portion of Africa where they have made permanent settlements, or from the coast. Nevertheless, a general uprising in Central Africa will make its influence felt to the remotest confines of the continent. In the South African Republic, there are four black men to every white, and the blacks are multiplying much faster than the people of European stock. Furthermore, wherever the Europeans have begun to develop the country, they have begun to create a black proletariat, which is already restless and bandying about the democratic catch words of the war. Something of the same spirit is manifesting itself even among the civilized colored population of the United States. We are informed that in America the black men who fought in the war are lifting their heads higher than before. Is it not likely that before long many educated negroes from America will be returning to the continent from which their ancestors were brought as slaves, in order to preach to their blood brethren liberation from their chains?

Is it strange, then, that Arthur Ponsonby, formerly secretary to Campbell Bannerman, has written: 'If Europe is forced to employ colored troops for political objects, dangers will result for both the African and European nations, the seriousness of which we can but faintly conceive.

Morel observes that if the present French militarizing policy is continued, a native revolt in West and Central Africa, and the overthrow of French suzerainty in Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis are only a question of time. He has tried to point out to his own people what a catastrophe that will inevitably be for the English settlements in Africa, many of which are almost surrounded by French colonies.

When we take all these facts into consideration, the resolutions of the so-called 'Negro World Congress' are not such a funny matter. Of course a Pan-African Negro Republic is a very remote and fanciful thing; but the blind policy which France is now pursuing toward the people of that continent is paving the way to such a possibility.

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[*Moscow Pravda* (Official Bolshevist Organ), *October 24, 1920*]

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

BY CARL RADEK

Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Third International

[Bertrand Russell's brilliant account of his visit to Russia, part of which we published in our issue of August 14, elicited the following reply from the Bolsheviki, which we print as an example of their popular polemics.]

MANY of our British guests have published articles and books of impressions on their journey to the savage land of Muscovy. As might have been expected, true Radicals express deep sympathy for our labors and struggles, while disguised Conservatives try to help the forces which would crush us. We anticipated nothing else.

When Tom Shaw, the well-known British opportunist, asked our soviet representatives with childlike naïveté how they could imagine that such a high-born gentleman as the Right Honorable Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, the grandson of the Seventh Duke of Marlborough, the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, could lie, it showed that Mr. Shaw himself, although of low birth and a servant of the British bourgeoisie, would lie to injure soviet Russia at the bidding of that bourgeoisie. Consequently we were not surprised when Tom Shaw delivered a thunderous speech against the soviet government at the congress of the Yellow International, accusing it of oppressing the workmen.

The secretary of the delegation, Dr. Guest, by publishing in that yellowest of international papers, the London *Times*, a series of attacks on soviet Russia, merely proves what we were warned against when we permitted him to enter Russia, that he came to get information for the British government. In order to enable honest labor representatives to come to Russia, we had to admit also ordinary spies, who now shamelessly unmask themselves. Their 'revelations' of soviet Russia do no real harm, because every honest British workman knows, from his daily reading, that the *Times* and the whole Northcliffe press are fighting the British proletariat. He knows, too, that Dr. Guest's 'revelations' are worth to the bourgeoisie the price he is paid for his lies. By comparing Dr. Guest's articles with those of Paul Duke, an acknowledged spy of the British government, published in the same 'honest' newspaper, any British workman can see how monotonously alike they are.

If Mrs. Ethel Snowden, the erstwhile beautiful pacifist and representative of British workmen, thought she could fascinate us by her pretty manners, it does not follow that we supposed for one minute that this bourgeois goose was competent to understand the revolution of the Russian proletariat. Being 'gallant,' we pretended to believe her enthusiasm was sincere when she told us, while watching a military review, that she quite approved of such militarism, since it was to defend the labor commonwealth. But we knew that stern proletarian revolution was not suited for Mrs. Snowden's delicate nerves, and that on her return to England, she would burst into tears upon the manly breast of Mr. Philip Snowden, who would say to her: 'Why did you go to that barbarous country? Did n't I tell you that it's not the place for British ladies to take a vacation? Better go to Belgium or to Northern France, where you can rest and visit war ruins.'

It is not worth while to discuss in detail articles written by Shaw, Guest, or Mrs. Snowden. But it is interesting to pause a moment over the two articles

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by Bertrand Russell in the *Nation*, the leading organ of the British liberals. Bertrand Russell is a remarkable philosopher and mathematician, as well as an absolutely honest man. He suffered persecution in a British prison for his pacifism. We believe he has no selfish purpose in writing what he does. His articles have value as demonstrating the narrowness of even the best of the bourgeoisie, their utter inability to comprehend the problems which history has placed before mankind.

Mr. Russell describes soviet Russia, stating clearly that the soviet government placed no obstacles in the way of his companions or himself and gave them full opportunity for an objective study of the Russian situation. What did he see in Russia? Of the Communists, he speaks very favorably. He says that they do not spare themselves, just as they do not spare others; that they work sixteen hours a day, forgetting about holidays; that, in spite of the power they hold, they live very modestly, seek no personal aims, but devote themselves unsparingly to building a new society. And he comes to the conclusion that the Russian Communists are very much like the English Puritans of Cromwell's time. But 'life in Russia to-day, just as it was in the Puritan England, runs counter to human instinct. If the Bolsheviki fall, it will be for precisely the same reason that English Puritanism fell: time will come when people will realize that the joy of life is of greater value than anything that Puritanism has to offer.' There is no doubt that Mr. Russell is an 'altruist'; his whole life is a proof of this. Yet Mr. Russell has not given up his comfortable home, his quiet study, his week-ends in the country, his visits to the theatres, and all the other things which even the perishing capitalistic world still has to offer a man of wealth like himself.

Therefore it is no wonder that he considers a revolution in which the telephone, a piece of white bread, a can of condensed milk, or — oh, horror!— an automobile, is a luxury, is not good; for Bertrand Russell can endure such a revolution no longer than two weeks, and even then when provided by us with guest quarters and other special comforts. Therefore Mr. Russell does not ask himself what comforts would have been provided for the Russian workmen, if Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenich, and Wrangel had won a victory with British aid.

Mr. Russell considers the Communists the young, virile aristocracy of new Russia. And he says that in many respects soviet Russia reminds him of Plato's Republic. Since up to now, the word 'Plato' has not been considered derogatory, we ought to be grateful to Russell even for that. But what is hidden behind Russell's views on the situation in Russia is concretely expressed in the following words: 'When a Russian Communist speaks of dictatorship, he uses that word in a literal sense, but when he speaks of proletariat, he uses that word in a Pickwickian sense. He has in mind the class-conscious part of the proletariat, that is, the Communist Party. He includes men who have nothing in common with the proletariat so far as their origin is concerned — like Lenin and Chicherin — but who have the proper views. He excludes real workmen who do not have these views, and whom he calls lackeys of the bourgeoisie.' What a dreadful thing, indeed, is this, which Bertrand Russell has discovered in soviet Russia! But to help him understand what he saw, let us remind him of social relations in England herself. He comes from the high aristocracy and belongs to the bourgeoisie. But when, during the war, he, as a pacifist, did not act as the bourgeoisie de-

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manded, the latter ceased to consider him a member of the same class as itself, but threw him into prison as an enemy of that class. At the same time, it made Mr. Henderson, who is a common workman, a cabinet minister, because he defended its interests. Or let us recall a still more striking instance. One of the leaders of the Chartist movement in England was Ernest Jones, a scion of an aristocratic family. He was a godson of the Hanoverian King, and was brought up at the royal court. But when in 1846, he took part in the revolutionary agitation of the British workmen, he was thrown into prison, where he was kept for two years, under conditions which caused the death of many who were incarcerated with him.

So it appears that the unheard-of thing which Mr. Russell saw in Russia, that everyone who fights for the proletariat is a soldier of the proletariat, is something common to all struggling classes. They consider as their own those who actually fight for their interests, and not those who happen to spring from their loins.

Mr. Russell declares that he opposes communism for the same reasons for which he is a pacifist. Civil war, like any other kind of war, brings with it enormous sufferings and misfortunes, while its good is more than problematic. And in the struggle, civilization itself is doomed to perish. We have already seen how highly Mr. Russell values the civilization that has given rise to a four-year war!

To conquer, we must have a concentration of power, and every concentration of power begets evils. Mr. Russell has before him two types of the concentration of power. The first is the capitalistic government of Great Britain and its Allies, which precipitated the world into mutual slaughter, and which still ruins its happiness and welfare. Mr. Russell does not like Lloyd George; still less does he like Churchill. The second is the government of soviet Russia, which bends every effort toward rescuing the common people from the misfortunes brought upon them by capitalism. It is a government making an heroic attempt to reconstruct society from the foundation. But it cannot fight the whole capitalistic world successfully by mere guerilla warfare. It is forced to organize a Red army, a huge food-supply apparatus, centralized economic control. But Mr. Russell says that this is not good, since it creates privilege: no matter how modest the commissars may be, still they have automobiles, the use of telephones, theatre tickets.

Now, what is Mr. Russell to do, wedged in between these two horrid governments, trying the best they can to monopolize power? Having returned from his sentimental journey, and taken a good bath, he, no doubt, seated himself in front of a fireplace — how wonderful are the old English fireplaces! Although he is not a commissar, there is no doubt that he does not have to suffer for lack of wood, even though the poor in the East End freeze to death. So, Mr. Russell put on his house slippers and dressing robe, and began to read in the newspapers of Europe's agony, which went on uninterrupted during his absence. Even Miss Gibbs writes openly about the matter in Lloyd George's own *Daily Chronicle*. As he read, there rose in Mr. Russell's heart a feeling of displeasure; for how can a good, clever, wealthy man experience pleasure, when he sees others suffering? And Mr. Russell declared in the *Nation*: 'Though I cannot preach the world revolution, neither can I rid myself of the conviction that the governments of the leading countries are doing everything in their power to bring it about.'

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How bad are the capitalistic governments, and how good is Bertrand Russell! It is not improbable that he may again find himself in prison; and we only hope that, because of his excellent family connections, his punishment may not be excessively severe. We wish him nothing but good; but what value is there to his senseless sacrifices?

During his stay in Moscow, Bertrand Russell declared that he would rather go to prison than give up his sense of humor. We sometimes fancy that all his philosophy, all his pacifism and Socialism, are merely a way in which this scion of British aristocracy jokes at its crude oppression and maraudery. If they had only arranged things better, 'more delicately,' so that Mr. Russell could enjoy the privileges of his position without experiencing the pangs of conscience: they are so unpleasant, those pangs of conscience!

What a sorry sight does the capitalistic world present, if in the face of the most gigantic catastrophe of all history, it can devise no better philosophy than that of Mr. Russell! His philosophy reminds us of Aesop's fable of the ass, which had placed before it oats and hay, and died of starvation while debating which it should eat first. We apologize to Bertrand Russell for comparing him to so stupid a beast as an ass, but we also apologize to that honest gray toiler, for comparing him to so parasitical a being as our petty-bourgeois 'philosopher.'

[*El Socialista* (Madrid Official Socialist Daily), *December 18, 1920*]

WOLVES OF THE SAME PACK

BY CÉSAR GARCIA INIESTA

[This story from the land of *Gil Blas* is apropos of the recent Cortes campaign, which the London *Economic Review* says was 'a foregone conclusion for the government, which is manipulating the elections in the old manner.']

Don Agapito had his office on the ground floor of his residence. All the year it was closed to ordinary guests, like the den of a money changer. But on such days as the present, its doors were open wide to the public. 'Such days as the present?' Why should Don Agapito's home really be 'your house' to all the people at this particular time? Because just now, we are preparing to elect deputies to the Cortes. The doors are wide open because all the political ringsters of the locality, now serving as special ambassadors from their various precincts, are foregathering here.

Don Agapito is the *cacique* (boss) of the district. He is seated on a divan, recently upholstered in leather, where he spends hours going over again and again the registration lists. In this task, he is assisted by the alcalde, a member of the town council, the municipal judge, and a provincial deputy, all of them residents of the principal place of the district of which Don

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Agapito is *cacique*, and which he aspires again to represent in the Cortes. Just now a pharmacist and a local doctor, holding the job of health inspector, have dropped in.

'Things looking all right, Don Agapito?'

'Not bad, but it might be better.'

'Anything gone wrong?'

'The doctor down at Fresno is opposing me.'

'That fellow?' exclaims the health inspector angrily. 'That little quack?' To be sure, he's a sour fellow who's just settled here. He's in love with Currela's daughter.'

'What? Do you mean Currela?'

'Ah!' interrupted the provincial deputy. 'Do you mean that Currela is deserting us? Leave him to me! I'll take care of him! The lease of his son's farm is due for revision this year. It's a good time to bring him to terms.'

While they were still talking another pharmacist came in.

'Don Agapito, I came in to tell you myself. I was in the pharmacy when Ignacio — the one who lives at Campitos — rode up. He made an appointment. He'll be here immediately.'

The pharmacist was right. Ten minutes later he returned to Don Agapito's office accompanied by Ignacio of Campitos. The latter stood respectfully with his cap in his hand after greeting them.

'Have a cigar, Ignacio!' said Don Agapito.

'Are you sure it's a cigar you're giving me? Is n't it loaded to go off election day?'

All laughed at Ignacio's joke, and someone suggested giving him a diploma as the official wit of Campitos.

'It's all right, is it?'

'Excellent!'

'See here! Man alive, put on your cap! There's a draft and you may catch cold! Put it on!' said the municipal judge.

'Thank you!'

'Well now, what more do you want?'

'You're very kind, judge.'

'Well, what more?'

'Say! The other day I was coming into court and had n't got through the door before you jumped up, scowled at me, and shouted:

'See here, Ignacio, this is n't a barnyard or a pig pen! Take off your cap!' But there were drafts there.'

'Man!'

'Yes, I took good notice there were bad drafts; but it was n't election. Quite a difference, eh! But tell me! What do you want of me?'

The judge was thunder struck. The others sat with their lips pressed together closer than a postage stamp on an envelope. Finally Don Agapito spoke:

'How are you up at your village?'

'Well, so-so.'

'How many votes for me?'

'Well, there'll not be a very good showing.'

'You have three hundred voters there!'

'About — about. You might say that some fifteen or twenty'll go to you.'

Everyone shouted in chorus: 'That can't be.'

'Well, that's what may happen.'

'When I practically had that town in my pocket?'

'Yes, but the people have n't forgotten the bad hail storm in May a year ago which ruined all the crops; and that you insisted none the less on collecting full rents. Now they're getting even!

'You're a man of influence. I must have those three hundred votes! Three hundred — now look here! Seventy-five hundred pesetas! That's five round cart wheels for every vote.

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I am handing you your money for them. I'm not saying a word. You'll get me every man on the registration list and I'm not saying a word.'

'You've got my pull wrong, and my character also. Good-day!'

Ignacio started out. No one detained him. He was a solid sort of fellow — a rugged, aggressive, hairy-throated man. As soon as he was out of hearing, the provincial deputy spoke.

'That's a brave sort of a chap, and I like him. He's my style.'

But if Ignacio of Campitos was plain spoken and square in refusing Don Agapito's offer, the other village leaders were not. The candidate's office was a sort of stock exchange, where votes were dealt in instead of shares. Oftentimes a bargain settled to-day had to be unsettled again the next day — and so on without intermission up to election. Voters were constantly running to and fro between Don Agapito's and the headquarters of his opponent, deferring their decision until election day, collecting money from both sides, and planning to divide their votes in such a way as to remain good friends if possible with both parties.

This is the way the campaign was conducted in the district of Aldea-Florida.

On election day, two thirds of the enrolled voters were already divided equally between Don Agapito and Don Chrisanto, and the remainder, with the exception of Campitos village, which was hostile to Don Agapito, were holding off until the last moment to cast their ballots.

'My vote's worth twenty dollars.'

'I won't sell under thirty.'

'We'll have to seem undecided until our votes will determine the election.'

'How's that?'

'Well they offered me forty dollars, but I am going to wait until afternoon.'

Don Agapito was a native of the district. He had represented it three times in the Cortes. The first time, he had got through with the usual election expenses. The second time it had cost him more. And every additional campaign was proving a heavier drain on his purse.

The voters said: 'Let the fellow pay for his own certificate of election. He does nothing for the district.' While he said: 'Why should I do anything for them? I pay well for my office.'

Both parties were right.

This year, Don Chrisanto was running against him. Nobody seemed to know much about the candidate. It was rumored that he supported the present ministry, and that he was a millionaire who had made his fortune during the war. So people were very curious to see him personally, and the election, itself, promised to a brilliant business affair. More money was changing hands than at Monte Carlo.

Campitos would decide the thing! And money counted for nothing there! Ignacio had simply laid himself out to keep alive the wrath against Don Agapito.

So all the energies of the two candidates were concentrated the morning of election day on the village of Campitos. The night before, the following telegram reached the municipal judge of Aldea-Florida: 'Ignacio cannot be moved. Send at once fifty strong arms.'

The morning train brought to Campitos fifty hard characters armed with as many huge clubs. Don Agapito had never done anything for the town; but to-day he proposed to give it a surprise party, and expected to win an easy victory under the ægis of the guests.

The polling places had hardly opened and the judges taken their places when Ignacio was seen, borne down the prin-

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cipal street on the shoulders of his enthusiastic followers, surrounded by a jubilant throng of women and children. Don Chrisanto and his friends also appeared and the polling began.

Suddenly there was a shout of: Ay — ay — ay!

The crowd took flight with cries of terror as a mad bull, blind with rage, charged them. The maddened animal was smashing things up to his heart's content when Ignacio shot him with a pistol. It was all a stratagem of Don Agapito and his followers. After the people recovered their composure, and the danger disappeared, they wanted to start at once to get even, but Ignacio cautioned them: There is plenty of time for that. Have the doctor look after those who have been hurt. Nothing serious has happened. We must get to voting.

There were three polling places. The one in the Plaza was not as large as the two others combined. When Ignacio's followers reached the others, they found that Agapito's 'club men' had taken possession of the polls. The people were intimidated and bowed to the will of the *cacique*. Nothing could be done until he said the word. At the last moment, the mayor had sold out to Agapito and had thrown his influence in favor of that boss saying: 'A known evil is better than an unknown blessing,' and asserting that Don Agapito might be a boss, but Don Chrisanto would be one also if he gained the election.

So the morning passed. Things looked quiet enough on the surface, though there was much ferment beneath. It might be that when they came to count the votes, the wrath of the people would burst forth. Everyone expected the day to end with bloodshed. Don Chrisanto personally supposed he was beaten, but Ignacio still insisted that he had won. The electors protested, because it looked as though the returns would not be decided by the ballots.

Noon came. In the first precinct, the judges of election for Don Chrisanto said it was time for lunch. They were going home since it was no use remaining longer. Don Agapito's supporters said that the Cortes did not stop at noon, that elections were more important than luncheons, let them get on with the work and give their stomachs a rest.

While they were still arguing, a man came in announcing that he was bringing dinner for everyone with Don Chrisanto's compliments; that election was one thing and a dinner another, and there was no use quarreling over the latter.

The fellow withdrew to return in a moment with a great basket, which he set down on the ground on one end of the table. In a moment, he was unpacking napkins and table cloth and bottles of claret. By this time the election judges had forgotten that they were rivals, and were chatting together in the friendliest manner possible.

Glass clinked against glass and the servant was kept busy passing wine and viands.

But the big basket contained something more than food, drink, and napkins — little Sabas, an eight-year old boy, quicker than lightning and lighter than a cricket, who, as soon as he saw the gentlemen completely absorbed in their convivial labors, quickly exchanged the ballot box for another one, and returned to his hiding place in the basket.

At the second polling place, the local physician and the pharmacist had slightly drugged a few bottles of wine, informing Don Chrisanto's friends which ones they were.

So the rival partisans drank cheerfully together, Don Agapito's men be-

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coming constantly drowsier. While they were in this condition, the hostile ballots in the box at that precinct were taken out and burned and others substituted for them. As soon as Don Agapito's partisans showed signs of coming to, the Chrisanto judges stretched out drowsily on benches and appeared asleep. One of the latter, rousing himself a moment later, exclaimed:

'The devil! What's happened to me?'

'And to me!' yawned another.

'Well, we must get to work! Come! A few glasses of wine on a dry day ought not to set us up this way. Was the ballot box left unguarded?'

'Anyway, what does it matter?' replied carelessly another of the Chrisanto men, giving it a passing glance.

At the third polling place where Ignacio himself had kept things in hand, it was not necessary to resort to stratagems. In any case, the votes of the two other precincts were sufficient.

. . . . . .

'There's nothing more to do here,' remarked the provincial deputy. Let's go down to Aldea-Florida and get the final returns.'

So the field was left open. The mayor remained behind as Don Agapito's representative, to settle up certain little matters for him with the husky and ill-favored citizens with clubs, who had arrived on the morning train. Ignacio stayed behind likewise to look after Don Chrisanto's interest, supported by a few gendarmes whom the governor had sent down to the village on receiving word that a savage bull had been let loose in the crowd.

Finally the hour for counting the ballots came. People crowded into the polling places. Ignacio was confident, because of the little stratagems played at the polls. The people felt balked and ugly, and were ready to start something lively. Ignacio, always prudent, cautioned them:

'Keep quiet! Keep quiet! Who knows what the result is yet! You never can tell.'

'Well, you 're going to draw a blank.'

So the counting began with a decidedly belligerent atmosphere prevailing.

It was an interesting spectacle to see the surprise on all the countenances, and especially the crestfallen bewilderment of Don Agapito's friends. Practically all the votes were in favor of Don Chrisanto. The men who had been kept away from the polls by that candidate's strong arm guards, seemed to have smuggled in their ballots after all. To be sure, there were a few votes for Don Agapito at the third precinct, but all the rest were for his opponent. The people went wild with joy, and at once started out to avenge themselves for what had occurred that morning. While the gendarmes were protecting the mayor's residence, Ignacio hurried off on horseback to take a copy of the returns to Don Chrisanto.

It was some three miles down to Aldea-Florida. He galloped at full speed. Suddenly a shot and a cry of pain were heard. The shot had been fired from a mass of shrubbery. The cry of pain was from Ignacio, who had fallen from his horse and lay motionless in the road. He had paid the penalty for his revolt against the *cacique*.

At Aldea-Florida the returns showed Don Chrisanto the winner. But Don Agapito received a fat senatorial appointment to console him. From that time on, the two opponents traded offices as the situation seemed to demand. They were friends — the way wolves of the same pack are friends.

And Ignacio was forgotten except by his poor mother.

Thus the devil pays those who serve him loyally.

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[*London Herald* (Labor Daily), *January 7*]

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO UNEMPLOYMENT

BY EVELYN SHARP

[Unemployment in Great Britain has become so serious as to cause great concern; and the situation has been made worse by the refusal of labor organizations to coöperate with the government in a scheme for relief.]

QUESTION. — Pray, what is work?

ANSWER. — A favorite pastime of Cabinet Ministers in the intervals of visits to the Riviera.

Q. — Is it the same thing as employment?

A. — Not at all. Employment is a term used to designate the state of life to which God has pleased to call the lower classes.

Q. — Do they come when they are called?

A. — Unfortunately, yes. A million more than are wanted.

Q. — What is the result of this obedience to the Divine behest?

A. — The noble sacrifice of some hours of our Prime Minister's well-earned rest.

Q. — Is not unemployment the well-earned rest of the lower classes?

A. — Certainly not. The lower classes earn wages; they do not earn rest.

Q. — Cannot this regrettable state of things be altered?

A. — Yes. The best brains of the Coalition are now engaged upon a scheme by which wages as well as rest can be abolished among the lower classes. Meanwhile, their business is to produce more.

Q. — How can these ingenious people at once produce more and remain unemployed?

A. — By eschewing Bolshevism.

Q. — Cannot the difficulty be met, as with the superfluous progeny of the domestic cat, by drowning the million unemployed?

A. — No, because the National Union of Executioners and the Amalgamated Funerals Trades will not admit dilutees.

Q. — Is there then no way of solving the problem of unemployment?

A. — Dear me, yes. The call of the Riviera has already solved it.

Q. — Pray, how has this happy result been achieved?

A. — It is quite simple. You take a million jobs and multiply by two. This is called granting the demand for shorter hours. Then you take a million employed and divide by a million unemployed, and they cancel out. This is called absorbing the unemployed.

Q. — What do the lower classes call it?

A. — My dear child, pray remember this is an Early Victorian text-book.

Q. — Whose was the great mind that originated this noble idea of helping the lower classes to help one another while the employers help themselves to what is left?

A. — No doubt, it was the same great mind that has just put a stop to illegal reprisals in Ireland by making them legal.

Q. — Are not the greatest ideas in the realm of the mind always the simplest?

A. — No. You are thinking of the people who swallow the ideas.

Q. — Who was Peter?

A. — An unfortunate person of doubtful nationality (now believed to be British) who was robbed to pay Paul.

Q. — By whom was he robbed?

A. — That has never been established, but contemporary research seems to point to his having also possessed a Biblical name.

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[*L'Indépendance Belge* (Liberal Progressive Daily), *December 10, 12, 1920*]

AT ZELIGOWSKY'S HEADQUARTERS. I

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

[This account of conditions in the Vilna area, where the League of Nations is to hold a plebiscite, opens with a description of the correspondent's trip from Riga to Dvinsk, beyond which the journey was continued in carriage.]

TOWARD night, houses became rarer. We were entering a district which the war had utterly devastated and to which the original inhabitants either had not returned, or if they had done so, were living in dugouts like soldiers at the front. At first it was surprising to us to see the smoke of their fires rising from the level ground. At places we came upon whole villages of these subterranean dwellings.

Eventually, we arrived at a former battle line, where great mountains of unexploded shells were still heaped along the roadside, and the ground was strewn with barbed wire. By this time it was growing dark and we had no idea where we were. The last persons we had met were a detachment of soldiers who gave us little assistance. Altogether we were a melancholy picture. Our horses were exhausted. Our drivers were frozen with fear. They asked us if we carried arms, and when we replied in the negative they shook their heads in despair.

As for ourselves, we were principally interested in finding a place to pass the night. The country was deserted. There was not a light to be seen in any direction. Happily we carried good flashlights which enabled us to keep to the road. All of a sudden we came upon a cart. A young man was stretched out in it and two soldiers were riding behind. We inquired the direction to Turmont, where we had intended to make our first stop, and learned that we had taken precisely the wrong direction. The cart was going to Turmont and we followed it.

Very late that night we reached the Lett frontier post. We were received very graciously indeed, because news had arrived from Dvinsk that we were coming, and our delay had caused some uneasiness. For the first time we learned of another peril that was to accompany us through our trip. The entire territory as far as Vilna is infested by wolves. No one goes out after dark without firearms, and even in the day time the peasants will not enter a forest with horses. These wolves are reported to be so agressive that it was considered almost a miracle that we had met none of them during our evening's journey.

However, the danger was over before we were aware of its existence. Our quarters for the night were most novel, in a real Russian farmhouse. The whole family were abed on a high shelf near the stove, and the floor was packed with soldiers. It was the only habitable building in the locality. Some way we all managed to crowd in, and though our accommodations were not luxurious the experience was, to say the least, a new one.

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Our rest was disturbed by the fact that the Poles had seized the frontier the day before, and the Letts were on the alert. For the time being, however, their relations were friendly. Polish troops had arrived on an armored train, fired a few shots from a cannon, and driven out a couple of Lithuanian soldiers; after which they seized the Lithuanian village of Turmont and the railway station.

In spite of their nominally friendly relations, the Letts were not at ease. Detachments were going and coming all night long, and the telephone was ringing constantly.

Next morning the Lett commander turned us over to the Poles, who were to see us farther on our way. This proved a stroke of good fortune, for it meant that we would be traveling through territory where there was at least someone in authority to protect us from either two-legged or four-legged wolves. Friendly Lett soldiers took our luggage to the border where a kindly sergeant received us. Only now did we discover to our astonishment that we were not among Zeligowsky's soldiers but Polish regulars, who had been ordered to occupy all the vacant territories evacuated by the Lithuanians. Their commanding officer ordered two peasant carts to be brought to take us to the first important village down the railway. We asked how much we would have to pay. The officer looked at us with astonishment, and said: 'We never pay peasants when they do anything for us. We requisition what we want, and since we have received orders to get you to your destination we requisition for you likewise.' The peasants also were greatly surprised when we paid them for their work.

We continued our journey much in the same manner as the day before. The weather was better and the country more attractive. The war had not visited it so heavily. It was a region which the Germans held and where there was consequently little fighting. Along the railway one could still see indications of former military operations. The country was covered with a network of telephone and telegraph wires, and great detraining platforms, with model electric installations, were to be seen at short intervals along the line. The highway had been corduroyed and bridges had been thrown across small streams and marshes. However, everything was now neglected; many of the telephone lines were broken and the poles had been overthrown. The detraining stations were a sad picture of desolation and ruin. The new bridges were broken through. On the walls of the abandoned farm houses and manor houses, already falling into ruins, one could still see traces of inscriptions indicating that they had served as staff offices and military headquarters for the Germans.

Notwithstanding the comparatively recent road improvements our progress was as slow as the previous day. Evening drew on. We were on the right road but still far from our destination. Most of the way we had to go on foot. The carts with our luggage sank into the mud up to the hubs. We had a military escort, as the Poles felt they could not otherwise guarantee our safety in a region where conditions were so unsettled. After nightfall the soldiers proceeded with their guns ready, in case wolves should attack our horses. The country became wooded and our peasants were not reassured even by our armed guards. They insisted on following the railway. This was of wide Russian gauge, with space enough for their carts between the rails. They knew from experience that wolves are afraid to cross a railway. So we stumbled along in the

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dark, comforted only by the reflection that we were at least on the right road to our stopping place for the night.

Completely exhausted and half-starved we finally reached the town, where we were cordially received at Polish regimental headquarters. It certainly was an abrupt change from toiling through the mud weary and homeless, to the midst of a jolly company of elegantly clad officers, speaking the most perfect French. Among them were painters and musicians. They were delighted to hear something from the outside world, and were glad to enlighten us in return regarding current events in their own country.

We stopped here until the following evening. It was foolish to try to go farther with carts on account of the bad roads. So we were compelled to wait for a train.

Our stay was quite agreeable. We had no bed to sleep on, but were already accustomed to that privation. On the other hand all sorts of kind attention was heaped upon us, and there was an abundance of music. In the evening dances were given at headquarters. Among the ladies were the two charming daughters of our host, whose great manor house afforded a brilliant picture of well-to-do country life, more romantic and picturesque than most of us saw during the great European War.

Next morning the officers went on a wolf hunt. The country was marvelously beautiful on this magnificent winter day, as fair as a day in autumn. We preferred a horseback ride across the country and visiting some of the villages to joining the hunt, and remained in the saddle until late in the afternoon. On our return we were informed that a train was expected that night.

This actually arrived, and we continued down the line in an improvised armored car fitted up by the local military.

The present armistice between the Poles and the Bolsheviki provides a boundary between Poland and Lithuania running practically parallel with the famous Curzon line. Vilna is on the Lithuanian side of the new boundary, which lay beyond the advance lines held by the Polish army at the time the armistice was signed. So the Poles were now merely occupying territories which belong to them by agreement. However, Zeligowsky passed the boundary, took possession of Vilna, and made war on the Lithuanians. No regular Polish troops took part in that commander's operations and no important Lithuanian forces were near the Polish troops at the time we were their guests. The Lithuanians were too much engaged protecting Kovno from Zeligowsky to scatter their army. Some skirmishing had occurred, however, between Lithuanian irregulars and the regular Polish troops, such as we have already described at Turmont. A Polish patrol had killed one man and wounded several. Patrols and sentinels had been fired upon. The situation was so precarious that when I went for a short evening walk with a regiment commander, he slipped a Mauser revolver into his pocket and took along an armed orderly for protection.

Between the two front lines is a neutral zone six miles wide where both parties go to do marketing. They sometimes meet and quarrels occur. At other times they are friendly and choose to sit down and drink together rather than take pot shots at each other from a distance. However, enmity is the rule. Naturally the neutrals suffer from this condition. Polish residents are likely to be assassinated by Lithuanians and *vice versa*. Odd episodes sometimes occur. One day the com-

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manding officer of the Twenty-third Regiment of Polish Infantry learned that twenty of his men had been captured by the Lithuanians while they were making purchases. He sent a company into the neutral zone with orders to take the same number of Lithuanians as prisoners without using arms. The company returned with thirteen men, including an officer. However, that was enough. The two sides then proceeded to exchange prisoners.

I have heard more Polish spoken so far on my journey than any other language. However, I have kept close to the railway, where there are many skilled shop workers employed. All educated people, especially strangers, speak Polish. In the country, as soon as you get away from the railway, Lithuanian is universal. However, Polish is on the whole the more common speech, because many Lithuanians have a command of that language as well as of their own. The relations between the civilian population and the Polish army are not bad, if you make allowance for the severe requisitioning of the latter.

The Jews, who form a large percentage of the population, are hostile to the Poles. The Poles are also bitter Jew haters. The latter have no sympathy with the new Polish state, and would prefer to see either Russians or Germans masters of the country. This situation has resulted in many tragic incidents. The Polish government under Entente pressure has put an end to pogroms, but it has been unable to prevent isolated outrages when Polish troops reach points where there is a large Jewish population.

On the other hand, the Lithuanians have always shown more friendliness for the Jews than any other nation in eastern Europe. Naturally this friendship is reciprocated.

Business considerations also play a part in public sentiment. If these territories become part of Poland they will suffer economic ruin, for the Poles have no motive for diverting traffic through Vilna and Dvinsk. Vilna and its surrounding towns would be cut off from the ordinary route of commerce between the east and west. But if the Lithuanians have the territory, Vilna will become the principal market town and transfer point for trade between Russia and the Baltic.

The hostility between the Poles and Lithuanians is not as acute in this part of the country as we might imagine. The two nations have lived side by side harmoniously for centuries, and feel that their fighting is a kind of civil war. It was a mistake for the Lithuanians to try to make their language the sole official language. Many a peasant may speak Lithuanian at home but pray in Polish. The latter is the language of culture, and the two tongues are in many respects complementary to each other.

The common people favor the Lithuanians for other reasons. Their army has not resorted to requisitions. Quite the contrary, it has brought the supplies it needs from the fertile farming region around Kovno. This is particularly true of bread and sugar. Then the Lithuanians have excellent currency. They have not committed the blunder of their neighbors, of printing vast quantities of paper money. They have hung on to the old Russian rubles and the old German marks. This policy has caused some hostility abroad, because it seems to make them financial allies of the Germans, but from a business point of view they have been very shrewd. They have no paper money crisis.

It is an odd fact that all through eastern Europe the German mark is

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the best money in circulation. It quotes for more than a Czech crown, to say nothing of an Austrian or Hungarian crown. It has two and a half times the value of a Lett ruble, seven times the value of a Polish mark, and stands at par with the Esthonian currency. Tsar rubles are equally stable, although they pass current for only one half the value of a mark.

Polish money is particularly discredited. The result is that the Lithuanians, who have hitherto enjoyed the benefit of low prices, have suddenly seen the cost of living mount skyward. When the Poles arrived prices multiplied twenty times in six weeks. Of course the change is not so great if you figure it in German marks, but the people none the less feel that they have been degraded by the degradation of the new money.

The last town at which we have been stopping is a unique place in respect to nationality. It is a little town which sprang up around the railway shops erected here. That is why it is so largely Polish except for its Jewish residents. There is a Polish school attended by two hundred children. Naturally that institution has to be supported, and the four lady teachers get their money by organizing weekly dances or other entertainments. The town is crowded, for all the Poles in the surrounding districts have taken refuge here.

After thirty hours at this town the same armored train which had brought us the last stage of my journey took us to the border station where Zeligowsky's command begins. That was the limit to which the present commander could carry us. We were quite near Vilna and could hear the cannonade where Zeligowsky's troops were fighting the Lithuanians.

We waited at the border a whole afternoon and half the night for a freight train which would take us to our destination. I utilized the time to learn what I could of public sentiment. It was by no means friendly toward the Poles, although they had been received at first with joy. The language question was causing trouble, but Zeligowsky's requisitions were a far more serious grievance. That officer was drafting his supplies on a much greater scale than the regular troops. He had not a centime of money and literally was seizing by force everything he needed. So the people are on the verge of famine as a result of their 'liberation.'

Here I heard the first complaints regarding Zeligowsky's methods of recruiting. People had no sympathy for them. They have had enough fighting. The afternoon I was there news came that a local boy had been killed in combat with the troops at Kovno. It was a striking illustration of the fratricidal nature of the conflict.

So my first impressions here are not very favorable. The population has but a single hope — the League of Nations, which it expects to put an end to all its troubles. I never saw elsewhere so much faith in that institution.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

OLD MUSICAL CRIES OF LONDON

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE recently delighted an audience, consisting mostly of juveniles, at the Society of Arts, by lecturing on 'The Cries of London which Children Heard in Shakespeare's Time.'

With Sir Frederick at the piano, all the cries he referred to were sung in quartet, the old tunes being hauntingly melodious.

The following are some of the more quaintly interesting of the singing cries that went to keep London merry three hundred years ago.

Traveling Dentist: Touch and Goe. Touch and Goe! Ha' ye work for Kind Heart, the Tooth Drawer? Touch and Goe.

Chiropodist: Ha' ye any corns on your toes or feet?

Morning Watchman: God give ye good-morrow, my masters. Past three o'clock and a fine morning.

Night Watchman: Lanterns and Candle-light hang out, maids. Twelve o'clock, look well to your lock, your fire, and your light, and so good-night.

Juniper-seller: Sweet Juniper! Will you buy my Sweet Juniper?

Garlic-seller: Good Garlic! The best of all cries.

Ink-seller: Buy my fine writing ink.

Rat-catcher: Have ye any rats, mices, polecats or weasels, or any ole sow sick o' th' measles?

Rabit-skin Buyer: What conie skins have ye, maids?

Dripping-buyer: Have ye any kitchen stuff, maids?

A cry that was not heard in London streets in Shakespeare's day was that of Sweet Lavender. When this became common it took various forms, as it takes to-day, one of them being:

> Won't you buy my sweet-scented Lavender?
> There are fourteen fine branches a penny.

'I have thought about this fascinating subject for a long while,' said Sir Frederick. 'It is full of historical and literary interest, but these sides of it I am reserving for the grown-ups of the Royal Institution later.

'This afternoon I am going to try to interest you boys and girls in what London children listened to three hundred years ago. There was no hoot of the motor-horn. Instead, they heard the cries of the tradesmen's songs, sung to quaint tunes.

'In Shakespeare's age, England was ever so much more musical than it is to-day. After supper, instead of playing that horrible game entitled bridge — a name almost abhorrent to me as applied to cards — people were asked to sing, not silly comic songs, but splendid madrigals. Then a "complete gentleman" was proved by his ability to "sing his part at first sight." By this standard to-day there is a distinct shortage of "complete gentlemen."

'One of the best cries of all was that of the traveling dentist. You heard him singing in the street, and beckoned him inside your house while your tooth was still aching — and at his touch it was gone! There was no wretched waiting in a dentist's parlor.

'Whatever people had to sell, they came out into the streets and made a little song about it. There was jolly

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music heard all over the town by day, and the watchmen kept the music going at night.

'I have succeeded in digging out of the British Museum about one hundred and thirty of these old musical cries, many of which were written by the greatest musicians of the time, and they sang about such things as dripping, toasting forks, cherries fine and large, milk-o, oysters, mussels and fish and salt; while even the people in prison and in Bedlam itself all had their special songs.'

A North British Epitaph

THERE is an amusing story of a certain agent whose headstone contained a fulsome and lying tribute to the good qualities which had been little apparent in his life-time. After the funeral, however, the back of an old dresser was fixed at the head of the grave with the following inscription:

> Here lies the Laird o' Ruskey Hill:
> He nare did guid but muckle ill,
> And where he's noo I canna tell,
> And if he's in Heaven, there's few in Hell.

Maxim Gorki

'MAXIM GORKI,' who was reported to be on his way to England on a visit to Mr. H. G. Wells, but is still held up by the Bolshevist authorities on the frontier, is Alexei Pyeshkof, the poet and chronicler of the pariahs and vagabonds of Russian society. 'Gorki' means 'bitter.' The full name, 'Maxim Gorki,' may, perhaps, be read to mean 'the bitterest of the bitter.' The pseudonym effectively symbolizes Pyeshkof's attitude toward life, for his fiction is the distilled essence of the disappointed. He was not at first a Bolshevist, and he seems only to have joined the Bolshevist ranks under pressure. Given his choice between low diet and high office, he preferred the latter, which is one, happily, that does not require him to take any active part in the perpetration of atrocities.

A Stevenson Club

THE liveliness of the Robert Louis Stevenson Club, Edinburgh, may be judged from the fact that, though it was formed only last January, it already boasts a membership of over six hundred. An ambitious project now in hand is the purchase of the house, at 8 Howard-place, Edinburgh, in which Stevenson was born, and which is intended to be a museum for Stevensonia and to house the unique collection, at present being exhibited in Lady Stair's house in the Lawnmarket, bequeathed by the late Lord Guthrie. Already about two thirds of the nine hundred and fifty pounds required to purchase the house has been raised.

Dumas To-day

IT is fifty years, says an editor of the *Saturday Review*, since the death of the great Dumas, the 'ventripotent Creole' of amazing fertility, and a critic in the *Temps* has been declaring that he cannot get through *The Three Musketeers*, and that no one will read it at this date. This is the proper French point of view, we believe, among elect judges of literature; but it is certainly not the English view. Over here Dumas is one of our classics. Stevenson, and Thackeray before him, have sung his praises with rapture. A good many English critics have wished the *Three Musketeers* with its lengthy sequels longer than it is. And we think *Monte Cristo* in spite of some tedious poisoning business toward the end of it, a great book of adventure and romance. Was there ever a hero so imperturbable as the Count, though his millions have grown insignificant to-day, or a brigand so fascinating as Luigi Vampa?

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Women as Army Surgeons

In her preface to *Women as Army Surgeons*,* by Flora Murray, Miss Beatrice Harraden says no more than the truth when she observes, 'Dr. Flora Murray and Dr. Garrett Anderson made history at Endell Street.' This story of a Military Hospital run by women is a little miracle of tact and achievement — but always achievement. If these pioneers had failed! If they had failed to live up to the double responsibility that was theirs: their responsibility for the lives and welfare of the soldiers entrusted to their care, and, secondly, for the demonstration of women's efficiency. But they did not fail. Both abroad and at home they triumphed gloriously. And through a book whose sweetness of spirit one can but marvel at, the only hint of 'hitting-back' at the masculine element who had so long retarded the women's movement they had most at heart comes from Mrs. Harraden, when she says — and again with limpid truth — 'If they had failed to satisfy the Authorities even in the slightest detail, there is not much doubt but that the charge of the hospital would have been handed over to a man, and that more than one military official would have had the joy and triumph of saying: "There — I told you so! The women have failed medically and administratively, and have been unable to maintain discipline."'

Well, they *would* have talked just like that. We admit it. But they never got even half the shadow of a chance. Endell Street was the show military hospital of the war, the choicest specimen, the brightest jewel in the crown of the Authorities. What the patients felt about it is almost beyond telling, although in many touching inarticulate ways they tried to tell it, too. Assuredly Endell Street did not fail medically nor administratively. As for discipline, well! Perhaps the eternal feminine had something to do with it, after all, for the very need of the word was almost unknown at that golden hospital. When a man was reported for a small offense and brought before the C.O., 'the embarrassment was mutual,' and with the dominant sense of fun which makes her book such delightful reading, Dr. Flora Murray tells the priceless method of procedure:

> The sergeant was often asked by the C.O. to leave the offender alone with her, so that she could speak more freely: and an appeal to the feelings of the sinner generally reduced him to tears. Then he had to be detained in the office with more pleasant conversation, till he regained his composure sufficiently to meet the public eye. After such an interview, one young fellow retired to his bed, and drawing the blankets over his head, refused to answer the inquiries of his much-concerned friends. In the evening, when hunger drew him from his lair, they gathered round him with solicitude. 'I've been up before men and up before women,' he said, 'and God save us from the women.'

We have told that anecdote, with a hundred others, amusing, poignant, crisp to a point, waiting to be told, because it seems to us so essentially typical of the atmosphere that set Endell Street apart from all other military hospitals. But there is much we should like to tell also did not space forbid, of the genesis of Endell Street, and how Dr. Flora Murray and Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson, great souls both, won their spurs in the Women's Hospital Corps in Paris and Wimereux. In many lands now there are corners of foreign fields which are for ever the Empire's, because brave women of our race have died there. These are they who 'gave in one moment the days and the years which lay beyond them,' for the cause of the Allies and all that it stood for. Endell Street, although there is no longer its military hospital, will be forever the shrine of proud and enduring memories for women.

* Hodder and Stoughton, 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

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Limited Edition of Conrad; a Note by Edmund Gosse

It will doubtless be a surprise to many readers to learn that Mr. Conrad has been an assiduous cultivator of the private press. I can hardly say why, but I had not suspected him of this bibliophilic tendency. He is, however, credited with no fewer than twenty-six privately printed pamphlets, of each of which, I gather, only twenty-five copies have been issued. These will fill many emulous bosoms with desire, and no doubt the ardent book-collectors of the United States have already snapped up the greater part of them. I hope Mr. Conrad will not allow all these specimens of his work to remain suspended forever in this condition of artificial vitality.

Book Inscriptions

'Miscellany's' notes on the subject of jingles against book thieves have brought a fine crop of other examples from various correspondents. Here is a selection from them. And if the result is a great increase in defaced school-books, we can only hope that there is no obscure clause in D. O. R. A. which some angry professional person can invoke against us for our indiscretion:

Sixty years ago (writes 'J. S. M.') I read these verses in a schoolfellow's books at Barton-on-Humber:

Hic liber est meus,
Testis est Deus.
Si aliquis rapiat,
Diabolus capiat,
Per collum penduletur,
Like this poor creetur.

This, of course, was accompanied by a schoolboy's sketch of a gallows and its victim.

A book-rhyme in vogue at Rugby (writes 'A. G. G.') ran:

Small is the wren, black is the rook,
Great is the sinner that steals this book.

Another, more suggestive of a ladies' school, runs:

This book is mine by right divine,
And if it go astray,
I'll call you kind my desk to find
And put it safe away.

The 'Steal not this book for fear of shame' verse has several alternative endings. One is:

For if I catch you by the tail,
You must prepare for Newgate Jail.

And another, current as early as 1661, gives:

And when you die the Lord will say
Where is that book you stole away?

In the old times rhymes were often of a more pious cast:

John Ellis his book,
God give him grace therein to look,
And when the bell for him doth toull
The Lord of Heaven receive his soul. (1704)

And an Elizabethan schoolboy, John Slie, ended his ownership rhyme with the loyal couplet:

The rose is redd, the leves are grene,
God save Elizabeth our Quene.

Lastly, a correspondent supplies another version used by French schoolboys:

Qui ce livre prendra,
Pro suis criminibus,
A la potence pendra
Cum aliis latronibus!
Quelle douleur sera
Pro suis parentibus
De le voir en cet état,
Pedibus pendentibus!

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[*The New Statesman*]

THE GENTLE ART OF PROPHECY

SOME people are surprised at the daring with which compilers of prophetic almanacs forecast the details of the future. What seems to us to be the most astonishing thing of all is that nearly everybody still regards the future as a mystery. As a matter of fact, we know a great deal about the future. We know that next year will contain 365 days. We know — and this is really rather a tribute to our cleverness — that the year 1924 will contain 366 days, and even the exact point at which the extra day will slip in. Ask a savage to point you out the extra day in Leap Year, and he will be more hopelessly at a loss than a man looking for a needle in a haystack, but even the most ignorant Christian will pick it out at the right end of February as neatly and inevitably as a love-bird on a barrel-organ picking out a fortune.

The art of prophecy has undoubtedly grown with civilization. Prophets were regarded as almost divine persons in the old days, but now every man is his own Isaiah. The present writer is the most modest of the prophets, but even he ventures to foretell to you that there will be an annular eclipse of the sun in the coming year on the 8th of April, that it will begin at twenty-two minutes to eight at Liverpool, and that it will be visible at Greenwich. What clairvoyant could go further? Test our mantic genius at any other point you will, and we doubt not we can satisfy you. Do you want to know at what time there will be high water at Aberdeen on the afternoon of the 24th of January? The answer is, 'Thirteen minutes past one.' Do you want to know when partridge shooting will begin? We do not even need to reflect before giving the answer, 'The 1st of September.' And so we could go on, almost *ad infinitum*, filling in the details of the year in advance. On the 1st of March, for instance, being St. David's Day, there will be a banquet at which Mr. Lloyd George will make a reference to hills, mists, God, and a country called Wales. On the 28th of March, being Easter Monday, there will be a Bank Holiday. On the 24th of May, being Empire Day, the majority of shops in Regent Street will hang out Union Jacks, and school children will salute the flag at Abinger Hammer, Communists in various parts of London gnashing their teeth the while. On the 15th of June the anniversary of Magna Charta will fall, and will pass without any disturbance. On the 12th of July Orangemen will dress up in sashes and listen to orators whose speeches will prove the hollowness of the old adage that you cannot serve both God and Mammon. On the same day, Lord Birkenhead will celebrate his forty-ninth birthday, showing that Gallopers are born, not made. Need we continue, however? The year is obviously going to be a crowded one. It will, as we have said, contain 365 days, and will come to an end at 12 P.M. on St. Silvester's Day at the time of the new moon.

We have said enough, we think, to prove that one knows a great deal more about the future than is generally realized. There may be skeptics who doubt the virtue of our prophecies. If there be such, all we ask is that they should cut out this page and verify

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each of them as its fulfilment falls due. The expense will be small. The most serious item will be the journey to Aberdeen to see the tide coming in on the 24th of January; but, by taking up a collection in Aberdeen, it should be possible to reduce one's net outlay by the better part of a shilling. But, on the whole, there never were prophecies easier to verify. We confidently challenge comparison between them and any prophecy made by any Cabinet Minister during the last five years. We even challenge comparison with the much more respectable prophecies contained in *Raphael's Prophetic Messenger*. Raphael at times strains our credulity. When he tells us, for instance, that on the 27th of April it is going to be 'cold and frosty' and that on the 29th of April we shall see 'high winds, storms and thunder,' we feel that he is giving a free rein to his imagination and treating prophecy not as a science but as an art. That the 30th of April will be 'showery' we agree, but how does he know that there will be 'high wind and lightning' on the 21st of December? We are also somewhat puzzled as to the means by which he arrives at the conclusions set forth in his 'every-day' guide for each day in the year. We can ourselves prophesy what you will do on each day, but we cannot, as he does, prophesy what you ought to do.

This introduces an ethical element which is beyond our scope — or our horoscope. We need not quarrel with him when he dismisses the 1st of January as 'an unimportant day,' but when he bids us on the 2nd of January 'court, marry, and deal with females,' we may reasonably ask, 'Why?' His advice for the 3rd is more acceptable. 'Be careful,' he says, 'until 1 P.M., then seek work and push thy business.' That is about the time of day we prefer to begin to 'seek work'; we wish there were more days in the calendar like the 3rd of January. Some saint must have it in his keeping. On the 7th, however, it will be safer, we fancy, to abstain from work altogether. Raphael says: 'A very unfortunate P.M. and evening for most purposes. Court and deal with females.' Sunday, the 9th, is better. 'Ask favors,' he says, 'in the P.M., and court.'

Though January is less than half gone, we confess we are getting a little breathless with all this courting. Raphael probably recognizes this, and a note of caution creeps into his advice on the 13th, on which he bids us 'court and marry in the morning, then be careful.' By the 18th, however, he is his old self again. 'Court,' he says cheerfully, 'marry and ask favors and push ahead.' Then come one rather careful day and two unfortunate ones, till on the 22nd, in a burst of exuberance, he offers us the day of our lives. 'Deal with others,' he exhorts us, 'and push thy business, seek work, travel, court, marry, buy, and speculate.' We doubt if all this can be crowded into twenty-four hours outside the *Arabian Nights*. Besides, as a result of following Raphael's advice, we are already bigamists several times over, and have become sick of the very sight of a Registry Office. By the end of the month even Raphael shows signs of being a little weary of his scarcely veiled incitements to Bluebeardism. For the 29th he advises: 'Avoid females and be very careful,' and for the 30th, which is a Sunday: 'Avoid females and superiors.' We should jolly well think so.

We need not follow Raphael through the rest of the year. We need only say that he keeps us busy courting, marrying, seeking work, being careful, traveling, speculating, pushing ahead, and avoiding females right down till the end of December. He occasionally

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varies his formula, as when on the 6th of April he bids us: 'Do not quarrel. Be quiet,' and when, on the 23rd of June, he advises: 'Ask favors of females, and travel.' On the whole, however, his recommendations leave us with a sense of the desperate monotony of human existence. It is no wonder the novelists find it so difficult to invent an original plot. Nothing seems to happen — even in the future — except the same old thing. It is all as monotonous as North, South, East, and West. We turn with relief to the page on which Raphael tells us what are the best days on which to hire maidservants and to set turkeys. We positively bound with delight when we come on his advice to those about to kill pigs. 'Do this,' he says, 'between eight and ten in the morning, and between the first quarter and full of the Moon; the pigs will weigh more, and the flavor of the pork be improved.' Then there are 'Legal and Commercial Notes,' one of which — 'A bailiff must not break into a house, but he may enter by the chimney'— suggests a subject for a drawing by Mr. George Morrow. The medical notes are equally worthy of consideration. On one page we are given a list of herbal remedies, and we are told how one disease can be cured by pouring boiling water on hay, upland hay being better than meadow hay, and applying it to the stomach. But Raphael is no crank, as we see in his suggestion for the treatment of influenza:

> If you think you have got an attack of influenza, slip off to bed at once and take the whisky or brandy bottle with you, and don't be afraid of it, for alcohol is the best medicine you can take, as it kills the germs in the blood. Do not wait until you are half dead — remember that a stitch in time saves nine, even with health.

Even on the subject of the care of children's teeth he makes it clear that, whoever may have come under the influence of Pussyfoot, it is not he:

> I believe a committee is to be appointed to inquire into the failing eyesight and decaying teeth in children. I think I have already stated that these troubles were due to the excessive amount of sugar or sweetstuffs consumed. All sweet things cause an excessive exudation of saliva from the gums, which affect and impair both the teeth and the eyesight, for, despite of what dentist and doctor may say, there is an intimate relation between the two. Dr. Sims Wallace, the eminent lecturer on Dental Surgery, recommends *Beer* or dry *Champagne* as an excellent mouth wash. They are also pleasant to the throat and stomach!

The reader is now in a position to estimate for himself the extent to which he can rely on Raphael's judgment, and to say how far he will accept the horoscope Raphael has cast for Mr. Lloyd George. On this he writes:

> This gentleman has figured so prominently in our national affairs for the last few years, that it may not be out of place if I give a few remarks on his horoscope. The time of his birth is stated to have been January 17, 1863, 8h. 55m. A.M., but neither myself, nor other Astrologers, are satisfied with this hour. I think he was born some minutes sooner. At his birth the Sun was in exact Square to Jupiter, and also in Square to Mars, and Mars was in Opposition to Jupiter. These are very ominous and important aspects. The former denotes great extravagance, and waste of money, and the latter gives impetuosity, and danger to the person.

He then proceeds to give a 'brief analysis' of Mr. Lloyd George's horoscope:

> The Sun near Ascendant — self-praise, egotism, self-satisfaction, fondness for publicity and notoriety.
>
> Venus and Mercury on Ascendant — fluency in speech, agreeableness, desire to please, fondness for Music, Arts, and Sciences.
>
> Mars in 2nd, in Opposition to Jupiter, unfavorable for financial undertakings, extravagance, carelessness, and losses in speculation.
>
> Uranus in 4th, trouble at end of life.
>
> Jupiter in the 8th, benefit or help from marriage partner.
>
> Moon near cusp of the 11th, many friends, especially females.
>
> The Aspects denote — Sun Square Jupiter

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and Mars, recklessness in expenditure, public disapprobation, and an unfavorable and sudden ending to life.

Venus in Trine to Saturn, and Moon in Sextile to Jupiter — domestic relations of the happiest description, and the wife a great help.

For ourselves, we frankly doubt if any man can foretell the future of Mr. Lloyd George. No one knows what he will say or do to-morrow. We know what phrases he will use, but we do not know on what side he will use them, or what he will mean by them. All we know is that Mr. Herbert Fisher will say ditto.

Let us, then, return to safer fields of prophecy. What, really, is going to happen in 1921? We think we know. Human beings will behave like bewildered sheep. They will be chiefly notable for their lack of moral courage. Good men will apologize for the deeds of bad men, and bad men will do very much as they please. Cruel and selfish faces will be seen in every railway carriage and in every omnibus, but readers of the respectable press will refuse to believe that there are any cruel people outside Germany and Russia. Not one, but all of the Ten Commandments will be broken, and turkeys will be eaten on Christmas Day. Men will die of disease, violence, famine, and old age, and others will be born to take their place. Intellectuals will be pretentious — mules solemnly trying to look like Derby winners. There will be a considerable amount of lying, injustice, and self-righteousness. Dogs will be fairly decent, but some of them will bite. Above all, the human conscience will survive. It will survive. It will continue to be the old still, small voice we know — as still and as small as it is possible to be without disappearing into silence and nothingness. And some of us will get a certain amusement out of it all, and will prefer life rather than death. We shall also go on puzzling ourselves as to what under the sun it all means. Not even a murderer will be without a friend or a pet dog or cat or bird. That is what 1921 will be like. That, at least, is as certain as the time of the high tide at Aberdeen on the 24th of January.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

A PARIS QUAYSIDE

BY PHILIP CARR

My window looks out across the Seine. In the street below is the little rivulet of clear water in each gutter which is so characteristic of Paris preparing for the day. Schoolboys with bare knees, wearing black cotton pinafores and leather belts and woolen mufflers, each carrying his little 'serviette' or portfolio, or more rarely his satchel, are hurrying across the bridge. It is not nine o'clock, but Paris has been well astir for an hour or more. The motor-omnibus has just passed, packed full to its standing-room platform at the back with business men on their way to work. Moored to this side of the river is what looks like a large houseboat, and over the little wooden gangway to its door are crossing hatless washerwomen — no working woman in Paris troubles about headgear, and the seedy black bonnet and cloth cap are mercifully unknown. The large bundles of clothes that they carry will be washed in the Seine, and taken home to be dried and ironed.

On the far bank is a low, sloping quay, to which barges are moored, taking in or discharging their cargoes. Above it is the road, and to the parapet, which is shaded by the trees along the pavement edge, are clamped the curious zinc-covered boxes which will be opened later, before the luncheon hour, to display the extraordinary

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collection of old books for which the quays are famous. Beyond the road is a broken line of roofs, of varying heights but covering never less than four stories, the roofs of the real old Paris, sharply pitched, with tall dormers, each roof individual, as each façade is individual — although all the façades, with their larger window-space and painted shutters, present a more smiling aspect than the small sash windows of a London house front.

The whole district is reeking with history. It was from the narrow streets beneath these roofs that oozed and tumbled the mob which again and again has made the Hotel de Ville, over there on the left, the centre of revolution. Nothing is left of the building which was burned down by the Commune, with its memories of Gambetta in 1870, of Lamartine in 1848, and of many centuries before. But the rest of the quarter is all old, and the fact that some of the streets have been given new names has fortunately not destroyed the niche with its statue of a headless figure at my corner, nor the old characters of the inscription of the 'Rue de la Femme sans Teste,' by which I like to know it. How many, by the way, of the rich travelers who stay at the Hotel Crillon, in the Place de la Concorde, know that the corner of that building still bears the old painted title 'Place Louis XVI'? Paris is full of such traces of history. Even the official 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,' showing large on its public buildings, is not so deeply graven as to have effaced all traces of imperial — and even of earlier royal — declarations of authority.

The streets in front of me are peaceful enough to-day. If ever again a mob takes possession of Paris, it is from farther East — though not much farther East — that it will come. This morning the windows are wide open. Carpets are shaken and hung over the rail. Women with their hair protected from dust by white napkins are busy sweeping and waxing and polishing their floors. In the middle of the river is a dredging machine, and from it is descending a diver, in full grotesque helmet and accoutrements, to examine the bed of the stream. The event is sufficiently dramatic to collect a crowd, but it would hardly need as much as this to do this, for in Paris, as in London, there are always people who have time to stop hurrying in order to watch somebody else at work. The housewife, on her way to buy the day's provisions, carrying her string bag and concealing her sketchy morning toilet under an overcoat closely buttoned at the neck; the workmen in very baggy trousers, which are so cut as to give the impression of being perilously near coming down at the waist; the bank messenger in a cocked hat and nickel buttons, suggesting at least a major general; the *midinette* on her way to deliver a large cardboard box from the dressmaker, wearing the smartest of shoes and silk stockings, but, again, no hat — such are a few of the figures who join the little group. Over on the quay are cart horses, backing and plunging under loads of rubble, which they are tipping into the barges, or straining under other loads which they are dragging up the stiff slope, or merely standing still, with infinite patience, after being cuffed over the head and jagged at the mouth, and as often as not kicked in the belly (for patience with animals is not one of the French virtues.) The cart horse is perhaps, of all animals, he who causes the deepest wonder at the life force which makes him accept his slavery rather than lie down and die. Does he think of it, as he stands there, waiting to make the next effort?

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On Sunday mornings the quay presents quite another picture. There is no work going on. The only animals to be seen are dogs, and they are all of them very happy and making a tremendous noise about it. Far more poor men keep dogs in Paris than in London. Nobody worries much about breed, and the varieties are peculiar. Sunday mornings they come out on to the quays, and as that is probably the only time that they get out at all they make the most of it. Theirs is almost the only sign of activity. There are loungers dangling their legs over the parapet; other loungers leaning against it and reading the paper; a pair of lovers strolling along under the wall; a desolate young man looking at the river, who occasionally picks up a stone and limply throws it in. Along the road above hurries a family party on its way to the station to spend the day in the country, and behind them, with a walk which shows a proper sense of his importance, is a non-commissioned officer of the Gardes Municipaux, with all his medals on his chest — the military, including officers, always wear their medals on Sundays.

Two boys of about fourteen wander down from the road on to the quay. They are smoking cigarettes to mark their independence, but that by no means exhausts their vitality nor satisfies their thirst for drama. They are quite out of sympathy with the lounging spirit of the morning. Rest has no appeal to them. They begin by a competition of high jumps from the parapet to the quay below. That soon palls. They ferret about among the rubbish on the deserted barges. One of them has an idea. He drags out a filthy roll of carpet and spreads it on the quay. Both boys take off their threadbare coats and stand against each other in belted trousers, and shirt collarless and none too clean. They advance to the carpet and ceremoniously shake hands. Then they solemnly fight for ten minutes — real blows, good and true. They shake hands, put on their coats, and go off, arm in arm. The few loungers on the parapet have hardly looked up from their papers. There has been no audience. But the sense of drama is satisfied. The future may hold the reputation of a Carpentier for either of them. So on Sunday mornings, as in the week, the life force finds its expression on the quay.

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[*The Dickensian*]

A NEW SOLUTION OF 'EDWIN DROOD'

MR. CARDEN has made a notable contibution* to the voluminous literature connected with *Edwin Drood*, for which he is entitled to the warm gratitude of all students of the subject, whatever views they may happen to possess regarding the plot of the story and its solution. He has evidently scrutinized the manuscript with meticulous care, and has successfully deciphered many interesting passages which, for various reasons, had been deleted by Dickens. It is probably now possible to say that everything emanating directly or indirectly from Dickens in connection with the story is known. Mr. Carden has, however, gone considerably further than this, in that with vivid imagination and not a little literary skill he has sketched out a solution of the story upon entirely novel and highly interesting lines. Starting from the hint given by Forster that the originality of the story was to have been a review of the murderer's career told by himself as if not he, but some other man, were the tempted, Mr. Carden has constructed, largely from Dickens's own materials, a series of episodes, in which he very skilfully propounds his own solution of some of the problems in which the fragment abounds.

Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the success of his efforts, no doubt can be felt that he has stated his case forcibly and ingeniously, and the novelty of his method, combined with his considerable literary skill, render his book both interesting and exciting. It may safely be said that henceforward it will be as indispensable to all students of the subject as the well-known works of Dr. H. Jackson, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, and Sir W. R. Nicoll.

Stated in barest outline, Mr. Carden's theory is that Jasper murdered Edwin at a spot in the path in the immediate proximity of the steps leading into the burial ground; that the corpse was hidden in the sarcophagus of Edwin's father, Mrs. Sapsea's monument being used as a receptacle or halfway house for the lime and spade which Jasper 'borrowed' from Durdles' yard; that learning from Bazzard of the existence of the ring, and determining to recover it in order to secrete it in Neville's chambers and thus convict him of the crime, he repaired secretly to the sarcophagus, only to find himself confronted by Helena disguised in her brother's clothes. After a murderous attack upon her he fled into the cathedral tower, pursued by Neville, Datchery (who is Tartar plus a wig), Crisparkle, Lobley, and Durdles. Neville is thrown over the tower and killed, and Jasper attempts to escape by climbing down to the leads of the roof, but by means of ropes brought from the belfry, Tartar, Lobley, and Crisparkle follow him, and he is overpowered, thrown into jail, and finally executed, after having written his confession in the manner hinted at by Dickens.

While there is nothing impossible about this theory, either as a whole or in its details, it nevertheless does not carry complete conviction in the sense

* *The Murder of Edwin Drood: recounted by John Jasper. Being an attempted Solution of the Mystery based on Dickens's Manuscript and Memoranda*, by Percy T. Carden. With an Introduction by B. W. Matz. Illustrated. London: Cecil Palmer. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

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that the reader feels constrained to say — 'Yes, that is undoubtedly what Dickens meant, and he can have meant no other.' There is no illuminating flash, no brilliant discovery, similar to the identification of Datchery with Helena; rather is it a somewhat hazardous logical inference drawn from a certain number of facts and various unsupported and hypothetical assumptions. Of course, that is not to say that Mr. Carden's theory is definitely erroneous, but merely that, notwithstanding his great ingenuity, he has not succeeded in establishing it upon an unassailable basis.

The test of any theory is its complete concordance with all the known data; if any single fact proves to be irreconcilable, then the theory is unsound. Now, we are told by Dickens himself that he had 'a very curious and new idea for his new story; not a communicable idea, or the interest of the book would be gone, but a very strong one, though difficult to work.' Neither as a whole, nor in any of its elements, does the plot, as Mr. Carden expounds it, correspond to Dickens's clear and definite statement. There is no incommunicable fact, the disclosure of which would rob the story of its interest; there is no very curious and new idea, no very strong one, difficult to work.

Again, in Dickens's 'Plans' we find the following notes: 'Edwin disappears. THE MYSTERY. DONE ALREADY.' The words 'done already' can apparently only refer to 'the mystery,' and their obvious meaning is that the mystery, whatever it was, had, at the time the note was made, already been woven into the story. It is, perhaps, an arguable proposition that Edwin's disappearance constituted the mystery, but on the one hand, the apposition of 'Edwin disappears' to 'the mystery' renders this interpretation highly improbable, and, on the other hand, it is difficult to conceive how the murder of Edwin can have been regarded by Dickens as incommunicable, or very strong, or difficult to work.

Further, although Mr. Carden recognizes that Jasper's search for the ring leads to his detection and capture, the use which he makes of it is hardly proportionate to Dickens's solemn and impressive utterance, that among the mighty store of wonderful chains that are for ever forging in the vast iron-works of time and circumstance, there was one chain forged in the moment of that small conclusion, riveted to the foundations of heaven and earth, and gifted with invincible force to hold and drag. That the ring was the 'clue' which was to fasten the crime of the murder upon the murderer seems incontrovertible, and that Jasper 'devoted' himself to the murderer's destruction is also certain, because the reader is definitely made acquainted with this fact by the production to Crisparkle of Jasper's diary, in which he had ostensibly been manufacturing evidence for his own exculpation. It is only when the interdependence of all these facts is realized that their value is fully appreciated, and in this connection nothing can be more to the point than Sir W. R. Nicoll's pronouncement: 'You may be able at an early stage to introduce facts which contain the ultimate solution of your problem, and yet appear important enough to be stated for their own sake; the solution of the problem, or rather the materials of the solution, should be given, and yet the reader should be unable to detect the full significance of the preliminary statement till the complete clearing arrives.'

Mr. Carden confidently contends that Datchery was Tartar in disguise, and that, whereas Rosa fled to London on Monday, and on Tuesday Tartar promised to communicate daily with

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Neville, yet on Wednesday he was in Cloisterham acting the part of an amateur detective. To arrive at this result he is compelled not only to ignore the fact that Tartar was a 'brown' man, whereas Datchery had black eyebrows, but also to rule out entirely the natural and simple reading of Datchery's conversation with Sapsea: 'Retired from the Army, Sir?' suggested Sapsea. 'His Honor the Mayor does me too much credit,' returned Mr. Datchery. 'Navy, sir?' suggested Mr. Sapsea. 'Again,' repeated Mr. Datchery, 'His Honor the Mayor does me too much credit!' Why Datchery, if he were Tartar, should deny his connection with the navy, and admit that he was a diplomat, is anything but clear, and it is incomprehensible that Dickens should have gone out of his way to put an unnecessary lie into Tartar's mouth, when it would have been quite simple to have made Sapsea refer to other professions, such as medicine, the law, or engineering.

Then, again, in order to explain how it was that Tartar, after having promised Rosa and Helena that he would visit Neville daily, suddenly disappears from London, and entirely fails to perform his undertaking, Mr. Carden has to introduce a purely imaginary conversation between Grewgious and Tartar late on Tuesday night, in consequence of which Tartar is found at Cloisterham on Wednesday with wig, blue surtout, buff waistcoat, gray trousers, and hat with his new name inside, as well as specially printed cards. If we are to accept this, he must evidently have lived at a period when the hours and days were much longer than they are now. It is almost universally admitted that Dickens worked out the plot of this book with the greatest care and skill, and it is only necessary to refer to the Epilogue of *Our Mutual Friend* to see how he stood with his critics in the matter of his plots. If it be conceded that *Edwin Drood* was meant to confound his detractors, how comes it that there are so many unnecessary inconsistencies to be explained away if we accept Mr. Carden's hypothesis?

It would be ungracious to pursue these criticisms further, not only because they represent a purely personal point of view, but also because so much that Mr. Carden has given us is of really solid value. His book is probably the most important contribution to the discussion which has appeared for some years, and has undoubtedly the right to a permanent place in the library of every Droodist, while all lovers of Dickens will find much to interest them between its covers.

The volume contains seven illustrations, including a sketch map of the Cathedral precincts based upon the ordnance survey, and two reproductions of photographs of the same district taken from the air at altitudes of eight hundred and five hundred feet.

Mr. B. W. Matz contributes an introduction.

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[*The Anglo-French Review*]

TO FRANCE

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

If I were Algernon Swinburne, who loved Republics and rhetoric,
I could address you in faultless and mythological verse,
And gloriously praise you with wind, fire, ocean, and blood;
Or if I were Robert Browning, I could tell in singular rhymes
Some heroic story of your past no one had ever heard before;
But as it seems to me indelicate and an anachronism
To liken a republic to a large woman with protruding breasts
And congruous attributes, or to recount obscure anecdotes,
I can only felicitate you in my own undistinguished manner.

Without you the world would have been sadder and narrower,
Without you the sense of Europe, of the world, were incomplete;
You are the brains, the wit, the delicacy of Europe;
Your women are the most charming, your philosophers the most indulgent,
Your prose the most polished, your painting the most vital.
I have loved your artists and the gardens of the Luxembourg,
I detest your petit bourgeois and the Tour Eiffel;
I like your food, your fiacres, and your fiction,
But I wish you would catalogue your Bibliothèque sensibly.
I love you, but I will not flatter you; you are prone to extremes;
How often have you corrected the errors of one Saint-Simon
By the no less palpable errors of the other!
But with the first you were noble, with the second generous,
Even in your errors you were still *la grande* nation.

May Jeanne d'Arc save you from the clutches of the financiers,
May you remember that the world needs your best
To unfilth it from the infamies of commerce;
May your priests be as enlightened as M. Jérôme Coignard,
May your doctors be as kindly as Benjamin Rathery,
Your philosophers as witty as M. de Voltaire,
Your poets as divine but more fortunate than Verlaine,
Your rulers as brilliant as Colbert but more virtuous,
May you remain enlightened and throw away ambition,
May your valor this time not be a dangerous glory.
And finally, like the good King Henry,
Je vous souhaite tous une poule au pot le dimanche!

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[*The Athenæum*]

THE LADY'S-MAID

BY KATHARINE MANSFIELD

Eleven o'clock. A knock at the door.

. . . I HOPE I have n't disturbed you, Madam. You were n't asleep — were you? But I've just given my lady her tea, and there was such a nice cup over, I thought, perhaps. . . .

. . . Not at all, Madam. I always make a cup of tea last thing. She drinks it in bed after her prayers to warm her up. I put the kettle on when she kneels down and I say to it: 'Now you need n't be in too much of a hurry to say *your* prayers.' But it's always boiling before my lady is half through. You see, Madam, we know such a lot of people, and they've all got to be prayed for — every one. My lady keeps a list of the names in a little red book. Oh, dear! whenever someone new has been to see us and my lady says afterward: 'Ellen, give me my little red book,' I feel quite wild, I do. 'There's another,' I think, 'keeping her out of her bed in all weathers.' And she won't have a cushion, you know, Madam; she kneels on the hard carpet. It fidgets me something dreadful to see her, knowing her as I do. I've tried to cheat her; I've spread out the eiderdown. But the first time I did it — oh, she gave me such a look — holy it was, Madam. 'Did our Lord have an eiderdown, Ellen?' she said. But — I was younger at the time — I felt inclined to say: 'No, but our Lord was n't your age, and he did n't know what it was to have your lumbago.' Wicked — was n't it? But she's *too* good, you know, Madam. When I tucked her up just now and seen — saw her lying back, her hands outside and her head on the pillow — so pretty — I could n't help thinking: 'Now you look just like your dear mother when I laid her out!'

. . . Yes, Madam, it was all left to me. Oh, she did look sweet. I did her hair, soft-like, round her forehead, all in dainty curls, and just to one side of her neck I put a bunch of most beautiful purple pansies. Those pansies made a picture of her, Madam! I shall never forget them. I thought to-night when I looked at my lady: 'Now if only the pansies was there no one could tell the difference.'

. . . Only the last year, Madam. Only after she'd got a little — well — feeble as you might say. Of course, she was never dangerous; she was the sweetest old lady. But how it took her was — she thought she'd lost something. She could n't keep still, she could n't settle. All day long she'd be up and down, up and down, you'd meet her everywhere — on the stairs, in the porch, making for the kitchen. And she'd look up at you, and she'd say — just like a child: 'I've lost it, I've lost it.' 'Come along,' I'd say, 'come along, and I'll lay out your patience for you.' But she'd catch me by the hand — I was a favorite of hers — and whisper: 'Find it for me, Ellen. Find it for me.' Sad, was n't it?

. . . No, she never recovered, Madam. She had a stroke at the end. Last words she ever said was — very slow — 'Look in — the — Look — in ——' And then she was gone.

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. . . No, Madam, I can't say I noticed it. Perhaps some girls. But you see, it's like this, I've got nobody but my lady. My mother died of consumption when I was four, and I lived with my grandfather, who kept a hairdresser's shop. I used to spend all my time in the shop under a table dressing my doll's hair — copying the assistants, I suppose. They were ever so kind to me. Used to make me little wigs, all colors, the latest fashions and all. And there I'd sit all day, quiet as quiet — the customers never knew. Only now and again I'd take my peep from under the tablecloth.

. . . But one day I managed to get a pair of scissors and — would you believe it, Madam? I cut off all my hair; snipped it off all in bits, like the little monkey I was. Grandfather was *furious!* He caught hold of the tongs — I shall never forget it — grabbed me by the hand and shut my fingers in them. 'That'll teach you!' he said. It was a fearful burn. I've got the mark of it to-day.

. . . Well, you see, Madam, he'd taken such pride in my hair. He used to sit me up on the counter, before the customers came, and do it something beautiful — big, soft curls and waved over the top. I remember the assistants standing round, and me ever so solemn with the penny grandfather gave me to hold while it was being done. . . . But he always took the penny back afterward. Poor grandfather! Wild, he was, at the fright I'd made of myself. But he frightened me that time. Do you know what I did, Madam? I ran away. Yes, I did, round the corners, in and out, I don't know how far I did n't run. Oh, dear, I must have looked a sight, with my hand rolled up in my pinny and my hair sticking out. People must have laughed when they saw me. . . .

. . . No, Madam, grandfather never got over it. He could n't bear the sight of me after. Could n't eat his dinner, even, if I was there. So my aunt took me. She was a cripple, an upholstress. Tiny! She had to stand on the sofas when she wanted to cut out the backs. And it was helping her I met my lady.

. . . Not so very, Madam. I was thirteen, turned. And I don't remember ever feeling — well — a child, as you might say. You see there was my uniform, and one thing and another. My lady put me into collars and cuffs from the first. Oh, yes — once I did! That was — funny! It was like this. My lady had her two little nieces staying with her — we were at Sheldon at the time — and there was a fair on the common.

'Now, Ellen,' she said, 'I want you to take the two young ladies for a ride on the donkeys.' Off we went; solemn little loves they were; each had a hand. But when we came to the donkeys they were too shy to go on. So we stood and watched instead. Beautiful those donkeys were! They were the first I'd seen out of a cart — for pleasure as you might say. They were a lovely silver-gray, with little red saddles and blue bridles and bells jing-a-jingling on their ears. And quite big girls — older than me, even — were riding them, ever so gay. Not at all common, I don't mean, Madam, just enjoying themselves. And I don't know what it was, but the way the little feet went, and the eyes — so gentle — and the soft ears — made me want to go on a donkey more than anything in the world!

. . . Of course, I could n't. I had my young ladies. And what would I have looked like perched up there in my uniform? But all the rest of the day it was donkeys — donkeys on the brain with me. I felt I should have burst if I did n't tell someone; and who was there to tell? But when I went to bed — I was sleeping in Mrs. James's

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bedroom, our cook that was, at the time — as soon as the lights was out, there they were, my donkeys, jingling along, with their neat little feet and sad eyes. . . . Well, Madam, would you believe it, I waited for a long time and pretended to be asleep, and then suddenly I sat up and called out as loud as I could: '*I do want to go on a donkey. I do want a donkey ride!*' You see, I had to say it, and I thought they would n't laught at me if they knew I was only dreaming. Artful — was n't it? Just what a silly child would think. . . .

. . . No, Madam, never now. Of course, I did think of it at one time. But it was n't to be. He had a little flower shop just down the road and across from where we was living. Funny — was n't it? And me such a one for flowers. We were having a lot of company at the time, and I was in and out of the shop more often than not, as the saying is. And Harry and I (his name was Harry) got to quarreling about how things ought to be arranged — and that began it. Flowers! you would n't believe it, Madam, the flowers he used to bring me. He'd stop at nothing. It was lilies-of-the-valley more than once, and I'm not exaggerating! Well, of course, we were going to be married and live over the shop, and it was all going to be just so, and I was to have the window to arrange. . . . Oh, how I've done that window of a Saturday! Not really, of course, Madam, just dreaming, as you might say. I've done it for Christmas — motto in holly, and all — and I've had my Easter lilies with a gorgeous star all daffodils in the middle. I've hung — well, that's enough of that. The day came he was to call for me to choose the furniture. Shall I ever forget it? It was a Tuesday. My lady was n't quite herself that afternoon. Not that she'd said anything, of course; she never does or will. But I knew by the way that she kept wrapping herself up and asking me if it was cold — and her little nose looked . . . pinched. I did n't like leaving her; I knew I'd be worrying all the time. At last I asked her if she'd rather I put it off. 'Oh, no, Ellen,' she said, 'you must n't mind about me. You must n't disappoint your young man.' And so cheerful, you know, Madam, never thinking about herself. It made me feel worse than ever. I began to wonder. . . . then she dropped her handkerchief and began to stoop down to pick it up herself — a thing she never did. 'Whatever are you doing!' I cried, running to stop her. 'Well,' she said smiling, you know, Madam, 'I shall have to begin to practise.' Oh, it was all I could do not to burst out crying. I went over to the dressing table and made believe to rub up the silver, and I could n't keep myself in, and I asked her if she'd rather I . . . did n't get married. 'No, Ellen,' she said — that was her voice, Madam, like I'm giving you — 'No, Ellen, not for the *wide world!*' But while she said it, Madam — I was looking in her glass; of course, she did n't know I could see her — she put her little hand on her heart just like her dear mother used to, and lifted her eyes. . . . Oh, *Madam!*

When Harry came I had his letters all ready, and the ring and a ducky little brooch he'd given me — a silver bird it was, with a chain in its beak, and on the end of the chain a heart with a dagger. Quite the thing! I opened the door to him. I never gave him time for a word. 'There you are,' I said. 'Take them all back,' I said, 'it's all over. I'm not going to marry you,' I said, 'I can't leave my lady.' White! he turned as white as a woman I had to slam the door, and there I stood, all of a tremble, till I knew he had gone. When I opened the door —

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elieve me or not, Madam — that man as gone! I ran out into the road just s I was, in my apron and my house hoes, and there I stayed in the middle f the road . . . staring. People must ave laughed if they saw me. . . .

. . . Goodness gracious!— What's hat? It's the clock striking! And here 've been keeping you awake. Oh, Madam, you ought to have stopped ie. . . . Can I tuck in your feet? I lways tuck in my lady's feet, every ight, just the same. And she says: 'Good-night, Ellen. Sleep sound and wake early!' I don't know what I should do if she did n't say that now.

. . . Oh dear, I sometimes think . . . whatever should I do if anything were to. . . . But, there, thinking's no good to anyone — is it Madam? Thinking won't help. Not that I do it often. And if ever I do I pull myself up sharp: 'Now then, Ellen. At it again — you silly girl! If you can't find anything better to do than to start thinking! . . .'

[*The National Review*]

SHELLEY AND THE THAMES

BY EDGAR SYERS

Shelley loved to be near water — early all poets have had a like affection for it — and from the days of his childhood at Field Place, where he ayed at boats on the fish ponds (they ave long since disappeared) until he ecame the owner of the ill-fated yacht riel, the poet was never for long way from the element which was to uench his ardent spirit at last.

When at school at Brentford, Shely and his friend Medwin would play uant and row to Kew, and once they ent as far as Richmond to see Mrs. ordan as Peggy in Garrick's comedy *The Country Girl.* (It was of this arming actress that Leigh Hunt aid: 'The very sound of the little miliar word "bud" from her lips . . . as the whole concentrated world of ie power of loving'— 'bud' being eggy's pet name for her guardian.) nd this was Shelley's first visit to a ieatre.

Though we hear of Shelley rowing in a regatta at Eton, it does not appear that he did much boating either there or at Oxford; but he would have spent much of his time by the riverside, and in 'The Boat on the Serchio' he refers to pleasant recollections of his school-days:

> Those bottles of warm tea —
> (Give me some straw) — must be stowed tenderly;
> Such as we used, in summer after six,
> To cram in great-coat pockets, and to mix
> Hard eggs and radishes and rolls at Eton,
> And, couched on stolen hay in those green harbors
> Farmers called gaps, and we schoolboys called arbors,
> Would feast till eight.

Fond as Shelley was of water, it does not appear that he ever learned to swim, though his constant companions in Italy were Trelawny and Byron, both almost amphibious. To the former he said: 'Why can't I

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swim?— it seems so very easy.' His companion replied: 'Because you think you can't; take a header off this bank and, when you rise, turn on your back; you will float like a duck.'

The poet dragged off his clothes and obediently plunged in; but, instead of floating, he, in Trelawny's words, 'lay stretched out on the bottom like a conger-eel, not making the least effort to save himself. He would have been drowned if I had not instantly fished him out.'

In the management of a sailing boat Shelley was no more efficient; and we are told of an occasion on board the Ariel when there was a dreadful confusion of ropes and tiller, and how Williams, who was instructing, cried 'Luff'; Shelley put the helm the wrong way, his hat was knocked overboard, and he nearly followed it. In river navigation Shelley was more at home than in the management of a yacht, and he could take an oar and stick to his seat against any force of current or wind, though it should involve several miles of hard pulling.

Shelley's quaint fancy for making and launching fleets of little paper boats is well known, and many of his companions have referred to it. In Wales he would sail a wooden boat in the mountain streams, and once improvised a sail for it out of a bank note; a pond near Primrose Hill, another in the Vale of Health, Hampstead, a pool in the heath above Bracknell, the Serpentine River, and, later, a bowl of quicksilver in Henry Reveley's workshop at Leghorn, bore these little argosies, laden with many fantasies.

In 1815 Shelley and his wife Mary were living in a cottage at Bishopgate, a remote and secluded spot on the border of Windsor Forest, which had probably been found for them by their good friend Thomas Love Peacock, whose school days had been passed near by at Englefield Green; it was this friend, the author of *The Genius of the Thames*, who suggested the river trip which forms the *motif* of this article.

So let us, in imagination, set forth from Windsor toward the end of August 1815, with Shelley, Mary, and his friends Peacock and Charles Clairmont, to visit the source of the Thames. The weather, that most important item of a boating excursion, was, we are told, fine, but not too hot for rowing, and the Thames, as those who love it know, is never more delightful than in the serene days of early autumn, when stillness and peace seem to brood over the river and the light mists of morning and evening wreathe it as with a veil.

The trip to Lechlade took about ten days. Starting from Windsor, one may indicate a probable itinerary for the voyage, for unfortunately the diary which Mary kept during the trip has been lost or destroyed, and so throughout one must reconstruct the journey of these to-be-envied travelers, and, like Dick Swiveller's Marchioness, 'make believe very much'; and, after all, making believe is often pleasant, too. The party was entirely happy — Shelley wildly so, and in his face shone the ruddy, healthy complexion of autumn, and, as Peacock relates, he was twice as fat as he used to be.

Perhaps the increase of weight and the glow of health may have been due in some measure to a diet more generous and regular than that to which the poet was accustomed; always simple to abstemiousness, he had been 'living chiefly on tea and bread and butter drinking occasionally a sort of spurious lemonade made of powder in a box.

Peacock prescribed, and probably exhibited, peppered mutton chops, and Shelley during the trip accepted the innovation and throve on it.

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The first day's journey would take the little party as far as Cookham — one may suppose that they took things easily and made about twelve miles each day — and on the way the beauties of Cleveden's woods must have appealed to them all. Shelley may have recalled Pope's lines on the profligate Duke of Buckingham (who built the original mansion) and his no less abandoned mistress, the Countess of Shrewsbury: she it was who, in the habit of a page, held her lover's horse while he fought with, and killed, her husband:

> Gallant and gay, in Cleveden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.

At Cookham, perhaps that old-fashioned inn the 'Bell and the Dragon' may have afforded entertainment; it is the only inn we have met with named after the remarkable adventure of the astute and far-seeing Daniel.

Marlow would be sure to attract Shelley, for his friend Peacock lived there, and would discourse of its beauties: so by the high-pitched wooden bridge and the pretty old-fashioned church (both gone, alas!) the party would surely land and make their way into the town and to Peacock's house.

Shelley was to know Marlow well before long, for it was there that a year later he went to live (forever, as he said), in order to be near the silver winding way which he had learned to love, and to enjoy the society of his friend.

Albion House, which the poet took on a twenty-one years' lease as 'a fixed, settled, eternal home,' has been altered but little externally, but it has become, instead of one house, three cottages. It stands about half a mile from the river in West Street, which was in 1816 a country road, and old views show it as detached; it is not so now. The house, which is quaintly picturesque, had a pleasant garden (a pretty picture of this by G. D. Leslie was exhibited at the Academy some years ago). There was also a spacious room which Shelley used as a library. The interior disposition was necessarily much altered when the change was made some seventy years ago; but a room in which the writer has often slept, that on the right of the first floor, was said forty years ago by the then landlady to be, traditionally, Shelley's bedroom.

The happy dreams of too sanguine Shelley were unfulfilled: the 'forever' dwindled to a year, for the house, like many of its time, was cold and damp, and there was no view of the river from any of its windows. When the glories of summer had faded, the poet's health and spirits failed, and before the swallows came again he had departed to Italy, never to return.

Shortly after leaving Marlow, Peacock would surely indicate haunted Bisham Abbey to the lover of the mysterious and tell the story of the poor boy who suffered so cruelly for the blotting of his copy books. All this neighborhood was soon to become a favorite haunt of the poet, notably the willow-fringed island near Medmenham, where he would muse and compose, returning to Marlow wreathed with flowers:

> . . . here young Shelley oft would dream,
> And oft declaim,
> While yet he wandered by thy stream,
> Unknown to fame.
>
> A hundred years ago he faced
> The mystic portals,
> And Fame long since his name has placed
> With the Immortals,

as a poet of the Thames has written.

Medmenham Abbey would be known to Peacock, and he could tell of the Hell-fire Club, founded by Lord le Despencer, which numbered among its members the Earl of Sandwich, Bubb

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Doddington, Wilkes, and Churchill, and the 'goings on' which scandalized the neighbors, for these revelers lived up to their motto — *Fay ce que voudras.*

And so on to Hambledon Lock and weir, now rectified and less picturesque than it used to be, but pleasant still. We used to moor the punt under the willows there in the summer evenings long ago, and my mother would make tea and read *Cranford* or *Our Village* while we fished; there were great barbel in the weir pool in those days — there may be still. And, toward evening, Henley and the old 'Red Lion.' It was there, tradition tells us, that Shenstone scratched on a window pane his eulogy of inns in general:

> Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

The 'Lion' has been much altered of late years; one can no longer drive under the archway to the coachyard — the archway characteristic of all the old coaching inns, on one side of which was the commercial room and the cozy bar, on the other the coffee-room.

Henley has changed, too. The timbered houses that made Hart Street glorious have gone; though there are still some of the Georgian period, with mellow bricks and small-paned sashes, and when their massive doors are open pleasant vistas of garden are revealed; but ugly new buildings, plate glass and picture palaces have destroyed the charm of Henley.

Forty years ago the old town was a quiet, drowsy place, save at Regatta time, and the writer recalls it most clearly as it used to look on fine, still days at the end of August, which was the time of Shelley's visit: a few loungers have gathered outside the 'Catherine Wheel,' some dogs lie dozing in the sunshine, there is a touch of autumn in the air, and a belated minstrel troupe are singing 'When the Swallows Nest Again.' On leaving Henley the voyagers would embark from the wharf by the bridge, and Mary would steer them past the island on the barge stream side to Marsh Lock.

After leaving Marsh Lock the party might follow the main stream to Wargrave, or fortuitously, the secluded Heneton backwater, the prettiest on the Thames, albeit now too well known.

At the 'George and Dragon,' what ducks and green peas Mrs. Wyatt provided for us in old days! Perhaps some refreshment was taken, but it would be too early for dinner, and, setting out again, the outlet of sylvan and secluded Patrick's Stream and Shiplake Lock would be passed, and so to Sonning and dinner at the 'White Hart':

> To the music of trees —
> In sight of the swift river running —
> Off cuts of roast beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,
> And a tankard of bitter at Sonning,

as a minstrel of a later date has sung. The 'White Hart' is changed and modernized, like so many of the river inns, and the shades of Mr. and Mrs. Lockley, those kindly hosts, if they revisit the glimpses of the moon, must wander forlorn amid the new surroundings.

Enthusiasts such as Shelley and his friend could not fail to be charmed with the summer evening outlook from the bowers of roses in the garden of the old 'White Hart.' They would see the sunset glowing on the bridge and gilding the burnished wings of the swallows as they passed under its arches, the lengthening shadows of the great elms which stood on the opposite bank would fall at their feet, and there would be none but congruous sounds — the cawing of the homeward-bound rooks or the splash of a rising fish.

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Beautiful Sonning bridge was threatened with destruction a few years ago; soulless vandals proposed to set in its place an iron-girder bridge. Is there any country so deplorably lacking in reverence for, and care of, its architectural treasures as our own?

The day's work would terminate at Caversham, and the old 'White Hart' (long since pulled down) by the bridge was an inn well known for its comforts.

From Caversham the river is uninteresting until Mapledurham Lock and the adjoining mill make amends. It may be that Shelley landed here to see Mapledurham House, for it was in this Elizabethan home that Mr. Pope used to visit the Misses Blount and write his pungent epistles. This sixteenth-century house could not escape the notice of those who loved beautiful things: it is built of warm red brick; it has, as Dickens wrote of the Maypole Inn, 'more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day'; there is a secret passage, antique furniture, and a wonderful set of pewter to delight the heart of the connoisseur.

One of the old inns at Wallingford would be the next stopping place, and from thence onward is some of the most typical of Thames scenery — quiet, peaceful reaches, secluded bays, homes of the lily and the dragon-fly, weirs from which the spray of tumbling water brings the fresh keen scent of weeds and rushes.

And this was just such a ministration as Mary and Shelley were in need of after the fever and the fret which they had endured, separated from each other, save for brief and dangerous meetings (Shelley was threatened with arrest for debt) on dull November days in Gray's Inn Gardens, Kentish Town Fields and Staples Inn; they passed from one cheap lodging to another, and when at last reunited they lacked the means to procure food.

There is a pathetic record in Mary's journal of these trials: 'People want their money: won't send up dinner, and we are very hungry. . . . Shelley goes to Peacock's: comes home with little cakes.' The winter of this discontent must have seemed like some ill dream to Mary and Shelley in the calm happiness of their river holiday.

Shelley and his party arrived at Oxford in the evening, and left at four o'clock the next day. We get an authentic glimpse of them rambling through the town, contemplating the very rooms where the two infidels Shelley and Hogg had so often heard the chimes at midnight and debated so many problems; they visited the Bodleian Library too, now by a strange vicissitude become the depository for precious memorials and relics of the poet-pioneer, whose philosophy was so shocking to the exiguous minds of the authorities of his day.

Above Oxford the valley with its wooded slopes is left behind and the breezes blow, fresh and free, over a champaign of pasture fields and water-meadows.

Passing Port Meadow, populous with grazing geese, the wherry would soon be beside the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, and Peacock the antiquary would have much to say of Fair Rosamond, and how her royal lover 'had made for her a house of wonderful working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the King, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter.' In Godstow Nunnery Rosamond Clifford (a pretty name) was laid to rest; it had been her home in youthful and innocent days, and there for many years she slept in peace.

It was left to Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, to be less tolerant than the Scribes and Pharisees of old.

Coming into the church to pray, 'he

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saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tombe it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II, who for the love of her had done much good to that church.'

'Then,' said the churlish priest, 'take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest Christian religion should grow in contempt.'

Thus the bishop cast his stone, and we contrast his words with those of the teacher whose gentle reproof will be an example for all time.

And now some massive ivy-clad walls and mullioned windows is all that remains of the abbey of 'nunnes' called Godstow.

Ten miles farther would bring the travelers to Bablockhithe and to dinner time, and this is all enchanted ground, for here the 'Scholar Gipsy' of Glanvill's tale and Matthew Arnold's verse —

> Oxford riders blithe,
> Returning home on summer nights, have met
> Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
> Trailing in the cool stream his fingers wet,
> As the slow punt swings round.

Perhaps Shelley knew Glanvill's old tale of the 'lad in the University of Oxford who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gypsies. . . . After he had been a pretty while well exercised in the trade there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. . . . He told them that the people he was with were not such imposters as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them . . . that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.'

Thus old Glanvill. It is a story that would have delighted Shelley, who would be apt to note that he and the young scholar had much in common: the same Alma Mater had ministered to them both, financial trials had beset them, they were dreamers of dreams, wanderers and seekers after the mysterious; but the scholar's friends saw him no more; he died long, long ago and no one knows his name, or where he found a resting place.

At the Maybush Inn, New Bridge, half way between Oxford and Lechlade, the party must have rested, for this part of the journey was completed in two days, and no other inns near.

The accommodation of the 'Maybush' was surely of the simplest. It was so when we spent some quiet days there ten years ago, but clean and comfortable, and the host was so old that he might have heard at first hand of Shelley's visit, an event which would probably be remembered, for strangers rarely explored the little river then.

The doorway of the inn gives on to the old bridge, for it is new in nothing but its name. In the recesses of the parapet which spans its Gothic arches one may lean and watch the ducks and flitting fish, and commend the craft of the monks who builded so stoutly six hundred years ago.

And close at hand, its inlet hidden with rushes and with willows, the Windrush meets the Thames; and surely fairy godmothers must have chosen such names as the Dance, the Evenlode, and the Windrush for these little tributaries: they are suggestive of meads, and flowers, and birds and all that makes the summer countryside pleasant.

The journey draws to an end, but there remains Kelmscot Manor to note,

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and it was here, about 1870, that William Morris came to live, and with him Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

No one has loved the Thames more truly than the great craftsman (his romance, *News from Nowhere*, should be read by all who love it too) who rests in the little churchyard at Kelmscot, within sound of the undertone of its still small voice.

And, at last, Lechlade. This old-fashioned town (the guide books call it quiet and dull) has changed but little since Shelley's visit; the New Inn, at which the party probably put up, is as he knew it, and it is pleasant to see in the coffee-room a little engraved portrait of the poet, with a copy of the elegy.

Within a few yards is the church dedicated to St. Lawrence, whose reputed fate is reminiscent of the last sad rites on the beach at Spezzia. The churchyard, where Shelley mused of graves, of worms and epitaphs and composed 'A Summer Evening Churchyard,' is a peaceful resting place. Many hours has the writer passed there with the sexton and an attendant robin, while the old man with pickaxe and with spade shaped the narrow cell and discussed of his ancient craft, 'that builds stronger than the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter.' This spot, so peaceful and retired, led the poet to hope

> . . that death doth hide from human sight
> Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
> That loveliest dreams perpetual watch do keep.

The 'obscurest glen' mentioned in the first verse of the poem seems to be a poetic fiction: there is no glen, obscure or otherwise, to be seen from the churchyard: only, from the further gate, a prospect over pasture fields toward the river.

It was Shelley's ambition to visit the source of the Thames; but this is impossible by boat, as the diminished stream is usually only navigable for a few miles above Lechlade: the source is far off among the Cotswold Hills.

The furthest point which the party reached was a mile or two beyond the beautiful old church at Inglesham, still unspoiled by the heavy hand of the restorer. Here the river runs over shallows, 'where the weeds became so enormously thick and high that all three of us tugging could not move the boat an inch; the water also, a little further on, was so shallow that it barely covered the hoofs of some cows standing in the middle to drink.'

Shelley must have enjoyed all this to the full: the river bright and sparkling on the shallows, the brown stones shining beneath, wrinkled rushes bending to the light air, the banks fringed with ancient willows whose roots weave a network of coral in the clear water, and the cattle standing in the midst to drink — a happy time! Most of us can recall some such scenes, and the eyes get a little dim perhaps:

> Rarely, rarely comest thou,
> Spirit of Delight!

In old days there were two weirs between Cricklade and Lechlade, and these kept a head of water and made navigation possible. They had disappeared long before the date of Shelley's visit, but some remains of them may still be traced: they probably were disused and neglected when the Thames and Severn Canal was opened.

It is a pity that the eleven miles of beautiful scenery between Lechlade and Cricklade should be lost to boating people, and the writer urged the Thames Conservancy some years ago, unsuccessfully, to reinstate the weirs.

Every mile of our beautiful river should be made navigable. The Thames is a unique possession, though it has

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been neglected and vulgarized, and the charm of some of its reaches has been destroyed by the erection of buildings that would cause even a district surveyor to blush with shame.

Disappointed in his project of exploring the sources of the Thames, Shelley, who throughout the trip had been in the wildest spirits, proposed that they should all extend the journey. His suggestion was that they should proceed through the Thames and Severn Canal, which joins the Thames at Lechlade, so to the Severn, and then, 'by the help of divers canals and rivers, to leave North Wales, and, traversing the inland counties, to reach Durham and the Lakes, so on to the Tweed, and hence to come out on the Forth, nor rest till we reach the Falls of the Clyde, when by the time we returned, we should have voyaged two thousand miles.'

It is perhaps needless to say that there were then no waterways which would enable such a tour to be taken — nor are there now — and the ambitious project was nipped in the bud by the discovery that the fees for the journey on the Thames and Severn Canal alone would amount to twenty pounds.

The old canal is now derelict, though in many of the sections water remains, and a walk along the towing-path on a spring or summer day is full of surprises and delights. Bird life is abundant: there are kingfishers and graceful terns, kestrels and herons, and all day long the warblers chuckle in the reeds, and the yellow-hammer complains of his little bit of bread and no cheese. There are otters, too, but these are seldom seen, and grass snakes, swimming and fishing among the weeds.

The tour is over, and with it have passed some of the happiest days of Shelley's brief and chequered life. Often in imagination did he revisit such scenes and speak of the never-to-be-forgotten beauty of those quiet reaches —

> Whose turf, whose shades, whose flowers among
> Wanders the hoary Thames along
> His silver winding way.

[*The King's Highway*]

THE REAL DICK TURPIN

THE romance of the road owes a great deal to the picturesque figure of the highway. 'Give me a highwayman,' says Stevenson, speaking of the books he loved as a boy, 'and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane; night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw; and the words, "post-chaise," the "great North road," "ostler," and "nag" still sound in my ears like poetry.' It will always be a matter of keen regret to all lovers of the road that Stevenson did not live to write the classic novel of the highway. He began *The Great North Road* in 1884, and had written eight chapters before he laid it aside, but he never took it up again, and it was left a fragment when he died ten years later.

If we had had a romance of the road by that master hand, the highwayman would be a much less shadowy figure than he is to most of us. The average person knows only one highwayman by name, and everything he can tell you about him is untrue, for Black Bess is a myth, and if the famous ride from London to York is not a myth, too, the credit of it certainly cannot be claimed for Dick Turpin. How does it happen, then, that this 'commonplace ruffian,' as he has been not unjustly called, should be the one highwayman whose fame has lasted down to our own day? Harrison Ainsworth's immensely successful novel *Rookwood*, published in

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1834, is said to be the father of all the numerous stories and plays in which Dick has figured as hero, but the legend, for it is little else, had a strong hold on the popular imagination before Ainsworth's day. 'Turpin was the hero of my boyhood,' he tells us. 'I had always a strange passion for highwaymen, and have listened by the hour to their exploits, as narrated by my father, and especially to those of *Dauntless Dick*, that "chief minion of the moon."

'One of Turpin's adventures in particular, the ride to Hough Green, which took deep hold of my fancy, I have recorded in song. When a boy, I have often lingered by the side of the deep old road where this robbery was committed, to cast wistful glances into its mysterious windings, and when night deepened the shadows of the trees, have urged my horse on its journey, from a vague apprehension of a visit from the ghostly highwayman. And then there was the Bollin, with its shelving banks, that Turpin cleared at a bound; the broad meadows over which he winged his flight; the pleasant bowling-green of the pleasant old inn at Hough, where he produced his watch to the Cheshire squires, with whom he was on terms of intimacy; all brought something of the gallant robber to mind. No wonder, in after years, in selecting a highwayman for a character in a tale, I should choose my old favorite, Dick Turpin.'

The song referred to, sung by Dick Turpin in *Rookwood*, is too long to quote, but the gist of it is that the bold highwayman robbed a solitary horseman, who happened to know him and swore that he would swing for the job. Turpin trusted to the speed of Black Bess to establish an alibi, and riding hell for leather across country arrived at Hough Green inside five minutes. The distance is about three miles, so Black Bess was doing a good thirty-six miles an hour! He passed the time of day with the squires on the bowling-green, and when his victim arrived in search of him they swore that he had been playing bowls at four o'clock, the exact time at which he was accused of having committed the robbery. It is a pretty story, but it sounds extremely improbable, and if it is founded on fact the hero of the alibi was not the historical Dick Turpin, who was never on such intimate terms with the Cheshire squires. Tradition loves to embellish an exploit of this kind by ascribing it to a famous personage, and Dick Turpin had come to be the paragon of highwaymen, just as Sherlock Holmes is the paragon of detectives. It was only a step from saying that a highwayman was a Dick Turpin to saying that he was Dick Turpin; it was a capital name for a knight of the road, and in that respect, at least, no fault can be found with the popular choice. But sad to say, the real Dick Turpin was entirely unworthy of his name and fame.

He was born in 1706 at Hempstead, in Essex, where his name may still be seen on the baptismal register of the parish. His father kept what is now the 'Crown Inn,' and the circle of nine pollard trees opposite it is known as 'Turpin's Ring.' Young Dick was apprenticed to a butcher in Whitechapel, and long after he had taken to the more lucrative trade of highwayman he figured in the papers as Turpin the Butcher. When he started business for himself at Waltham Abbey he married a girl called Palmer, whose name he took when the neighborhood of London became too hot for him and he had to retire into Yorkshire. The facilities which his lawful trade offered for disposing of stolen cattle tempted him to add thieving as a side-line, and he was detected in stealing some oxen belonging to a Plaistow farmer bearing the

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appropriate name of Giles. He then took to deer-stealing in Epping Forest, and from that proceeded to house-breaking, becoming a member of a notorious gang who terrorized Essex and the eastern suburbs of London. Their favorite 'stunt' was to raid a lonely house when all the able-bodied men were absent, and threaten, or even torture the inmates into giving up their money and valuables. The contemporary newspaper reports of their crimes make very unpleasant reading. A single example will suffice: 'On Saturday night last, about Seven o'Clock, five Rogues enter'd the House of the Widow Shelley, at Loughton in Essex, having Pistols, etc., and threaten'd to murder the old Lady if she did not tell them where her Money lay, which she obstinately refusing for some Time, they threaten'd to lay her across the Fire if she did not instantly tell them, which she would not do; but her Son being in the Room, and threaten'd to be murder'd, cry'd out he would tell them if they would not murder his Mother, and did; whereupon they went up Stairs and took near £100, a Silver Tankard, and other Plate, and all Manner of Household Goods.' When this gang of house-breakers was broken up, two being hanged and one turning King's evidence, the two remaining members, Turpin and Rowden, took to the road as highwaymen, their favorite haunts being Putney Heath and Blackheath.

Early in 1735 Turpin went into partnership with another famous highwayman, Tom King. They made their headquarters in Epping Forest, in a snug and well-concealed cave from which they could command a view of the road. Their retreat is said to have been large enough to conceal their horses, and for a time they made the neighborhood very unsafe for travelers. On the 4th of May, 1737, the cave was discovered by the servant of one of the underkeepers of the Forest, but Turpin shot the man dead with a carbine, and made good his escape. A few days later the house in which he was sleeping was surrounded, and he received warning only just in time to evade capture by climbing over the roofs, in the most approved manner of the cinema villain.

The next recorded episode in his career begins near the 'Green Nan,' in Epping Forest, when he and two of his companions robbed a Mr. Major of a race-horse named 'White Stockings.' It was traced to the 'Red Lion,' in the White-chapel Road, and there, in a scuffle with the Bow Street runners, Turpin accidentally shot one of his accomplices, a brother of Tom King. The popular version of the story is that it was Tom King himself who was thus killed, and Ainsworth follows the tradition in *Rookwood*, where the incident, sentimentalized by the omission of all reference to a stolen horse, is transferred to Kilburn and forms the prelude to the Ride to York.

Soon after this affair, Turpin decided that the neighborhood of London was no place for him, and retired to Yorkshire, taking the name of Palmer, and setting up as a horse dealer. He appears to have sold a good many more horses than he bought, but no one suspected his real character or antecedents till he was arrested early in 1739, on a charge of brawling.

> For shooting of a dunghill cock
> Poor Turpin he at last was took,

says a contemporary ballad, but omits to add that he threatened to shoot the owner of the cock next. While he was in custody a further charge of horse stealing was brought against him, and the account he was called upon to give of himself was proved to be a tissue of falsehoods. He was sent to York Castle to await his trial at the assizes, and, as

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he absence of any witness who would give him a character was likely to go hard with him, he wrote in his assumed name to his brother-in-law at Hempstead, asking him to procure him an evidence from London. The postage was not prepaid, and his brother-in-law either did not recognize the handwriting or pretended that he did not, in order to avoid paying the postage on a letter in which he was not likely to hear of anything to his advantage. The letter was returned to the post office, where Turpin's old schoolmaster saw it and recognized the handwriting. It is not necessary to suppose that he had not seen the hand since Dick left school. The Hempstead highwayman was a famous criminal for whose apprehension a reward of £200 was offered, and any specimens of his handwriting that existed in the neighborhood would be objects of special interest to the man who had taught him to write. The letter was taken to a Justice of the Peace, who opened it and sent the schoolmaster down to York, where he identified 'John Palmer' as his old pupil Dick Turpin.

The trial took place at York Assizes on the 22nd of March, 1739, 'before the Honorable Sir William Chapple, knt., Judge of Assize, and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of King's Bench.' The prisoner was found guilty of the charge against him, that of stealing a horse, and condemned to death. The 17th of April was the day fixed for the execution. Turpin tried hard to get the sentence reduced to transportation, but he can hardly have had much hope of cheating the hangman, seeing that there was a murder as well as a great many robberies against him. So far from showing any penitence for his misdeeds, he was very vain of his notoriety, and anxious to cut as dashing a figure as possible at his execution. He had new clothes for the occasion, and hired five men to follow the cart as mourners. He died with a courage which made his final exit the one scene in his life that is not unworthy of his posthumous renown.

For, indeed, the most remarkable fact that falls to be recorded about Dick Turpin is that he did nothing remarkable. His crimes were numerous enough — in the last month of his career as a highwayman he committed a robbery almost every day — but not one of his exploits on the road was at all daring or dramatic. If he was not a coward, as many people declared, he certainly preferred to have the odds in his favor. But he had a fairly long reign for so notorious an offender, and apparently kept his nerve to the last.

None the less, he was a ballad hero even before his death. The only explanation that can be given is that he was a highwayman, and the highwayman, according to the fiction popular in an age of abounding social injustice, was the successor of Robin Hood and his merry men.

> The naked I've cloathed, the hungry fed,
> And the Rich I've sent empty away,

says a ballad in honor of Turpin, and goes on to relate how he paid forty pounds to save a poor man from being taken to prison for debt, and then, waiting round the next corner for the creditor, made him stand and deliver not only the forty pounds, but 'twenty guineas more.' There is no evidence whatever that Turpin ever did a knightly deed in his life, but he was a famous knight of the road, and that was enough for the ballad-monger.

His present-day renown rests on the fabulous Ride to York. Ainsworth tells the story with such tremendous gusto that the uncritical reader may well be carried away. His Dick Turpin, hotly pursued, clears the high gate of the old Hornsey toll-bar, leaps lightly over a

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donkey-cart, driver and all, charges three horsemen barring the road, with the reins in his teeth and a pistol in each hand, and strikes all the heroic attitudes of the bold highwayman of melodrama. But *Rookwood* makes some quite unnecessary demands on our credulity. We are asked to believe that Black Bess covered the distance from London to York between seven in the evening and six in the morning, with the aid of a raw beef steak rolled round her bit, and a bottle of some marvelous dope which her master carried with him as a last resource in an emergency. A more serious fault from the literary point of view is that in the novel there is no motive whatever for a feat which cost the life of Black Bess. Turpin was not out to save his neck by establishing an alibi. He was closely pursued most of the way, and nothing would have been easier for him than to give the enemy the slip if he had wished. He accomplished the feat for the sake of doing it, his object being simply to set up a record.

Beyond the fact that Dick Turpin began his career near London and ended it at York, there is nothing in his life that even suggests the famous ride. It was a highwayman named Nevison, who flourished in the reig of Charles II, that should have bee the hero of *Rookwood*. The story — and it may quite well be true — is tha 'Swift Nicks,' as he came to be called robbed a traveler on Gad's Hill, nea Rochester, at four o'clock on a Ma morning. His victim happened to be man who knew him, and his onl chance was to prove an alibi, which h did by speaking to the Lord Mayor o York, on one of the bowling-greens o that city, at a quarter to eight on th evening of the same day. He mus have used relays of horses, and goo horses at that, but a man of his trad had usually a friend in need at som discreet wayside inn, and he may o occasion have put a pistol to the hea of a well-mounted traveler and swappe a tired horse for a fresh one. Man people have ridden between Londo and York in a day; one gentleman, i the reign of James I, did it six days run ning for a wager. It may be that Nevi son's ride, which another accoun makes start at Barnet, is nothing mo nor less than a legend of the Grea North Road, based on such sportin events and on the countless exploits o the highwaymen who held up th lieges on that historic highway.

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THE PARTY

BY FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

I MADE a little party for a friend —
'At five,' I said, 'for cakes and tea,'
And in his little note to me
Confessing the gay hope that he
Might be the only guest, dared to append
That proverb as to company —
Complete of two and spoiled of three —
With blithe assurance that he'd be
With me at five, 'for cakes and tea,
Yours faithfully. . . .'

And so through all that afternoon I went
In happy absent-minded mood
And after four much precious time I spent
In pondering if the garden viewed
With eyes true to a taste imbued
With old-world standards would seem crude. . . .
And all that 'cakes and tea' include
Sometimes . . . till, yielding to sheer sentiment,
At last chose the dim solitude
Of that long, low dream-haunted room where brood
Old meanings of half-words half-understood,
And only little perfumed winds intrude
With shy avowal of the flowers they wooed. . . .
Then went to don my flowered gown, intent
On all that 'cakes and tea' construed
As such, or more than such, have meant. . . .
And so mused through the interlude
Till five, content.

But he was late — and though at last he came
With frank excuse and contrite air,
A something over-fragile, fair,
In poignant fragments everywhere
Distressed us with a frail despair. . . .
And neither of us was to blame,
Yet miserably we were aware
That some sweet thing we'd hoped to share
Had perished ere it had a name!

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[*The Westminster Gazette*]

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

BY JOHN S. ARKWRIGHT

O VALIANT Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind — yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill.
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God:
Victor He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of Sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose Staff has led —
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

AMEN.

GREATER LOVE

BY WILFRED OWEN

RED lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
O love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

Your slender attitude
Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed,
Rolling and rolling there
Where God seems not to care;
Till the fierce Love they bear
Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.

Your voice sings not so soft —
Though even as wind murmuring through raftered loft —
Your dear voice is not dear,
Gentle, and evening clear,
As theirs whom none now hear
Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed.

Heart, you were never hot,
Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;
And though your hand be pale,
Paler are all which trail
Your cross through flame and hail:
Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not.

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Feb. 19-1921

1 2 3 4 5 6

THE Chinese character shown above is composed of four simple characters, thus: No. 1 is a character meaning "food" and in turn is composed of the characters No. 2, meaning "union," and No. 3, meaning "the six kinds of grain;" the character for food then being the "union of the grains." The right hand part of the big character, No. 4, means "distress or misery" and in turn is composed of No. 5, a "door partly opened," and No. 6, a "figure in bent position crouching to enter," the entrance being difficult to effect. The big character now becomes "distress or misery in regard to food" and means, taken as a whole, "hunger."

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